

ENGLISH THOUGHT AND SPEECH
TODAY



ENGLISH THOUGHT AND SPEECH TODAY

Selected and Edited

by

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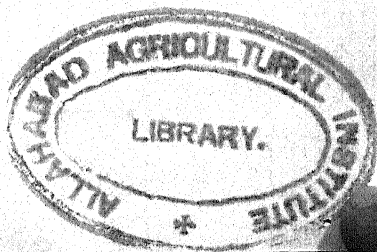
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Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize, that as a thinker it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think. Not that it is solely, or chiefly, to form great thinkers, that freedom of thinking is required. On the contrary, it is as much and even more indispensable to enable average human beings to attain the mental stature which they are capable of.

On Liberty. J. S. Mill.





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INTRODUCTION

The world has never been so exciting nor so dangerous to live in, and it is now so small that no community can afford to ignore the possibilities before mankind. It is not fair as it is not safe to refuse to look at 'the shape of things to come'. Young men should not be denied the vision.

The compiler has had these generalities in mind when building this book. With the very generous help of his publishers in the matter of copyrights he has followed three rules in making his selection; first, that every extract may be used as a model of standard modern English; second, that the extracts can be fully understood; and third, that they combine to give a picture of the actual modern world. In a phrase, the compiler has sought texts that are not dead but dynamic. The English language naturally, inevitably, is fighting for its pride of place in India today. Teachers of English believe in the language they teach and the root of their belief is that its literature continues to offer 'brave new worlds' to the serious student.

The compiler, therefore, has broken away wherever necessary from the Victorian convention in English Intermediate studies; not merely because many Victorian writers popular in such texts as this could

never be real either to teachers or students, but because they were often by no means good examples of standard modern English. It is surely elementary to recognize that nineteenth-century English prose was rarely, at its best, normal. On the other hand, largely because our best writers today are earnestly desirous of persuading the largest number of people (a possible number so greatly increased by the Education Acts of 1870 and after), modern English prose is much more free from idiosyncrasy of style.

Further: the world today is moving so fast that many great nineteenth-century masters of English are dry-as-dust already. The magnificence of some remains unimpaired, indeed appears to have taken on an added lustre. The quotation from J. S. Mill at the beginning and the passages selected from Newman and Ruskin are unsurpassable in the 'sweet English tongue'. But the thoughts of that world seem pale when compared to the glorious excitement of thought among English-speaking peoples today. A young man will exert himself when offered the excitement of thought, when offered ideas which he can grasp and which he feels have something to do with the world he himself lives in.

Every inspector knows that the exertion of thought and the excitement of labour are strangely lacking in our Colleges today. The obvious truth is that no exertion and no excitement will bring meaning to words like 'antimacassar' and 'primrose'. Nothing can bring their colour and atmosphere to our Colleges. On the other hand 'radio-activity' and 'mechaniza-

tion ' can be explained by the teacher and understood by the student.

Someone may murmur ' cultural influences ', but it is evident that the noxious phrase could only be used by one who does not know his nineteenth-century England and unhappily has as little appreciation of the astonishing range and power of thought that is being expressed in English today.

The English language is the golden key to Indian youth opening the door to these ' brave new worlds '. In this spirit the compiler offers this selection with all good wishes to teachers and students alike.

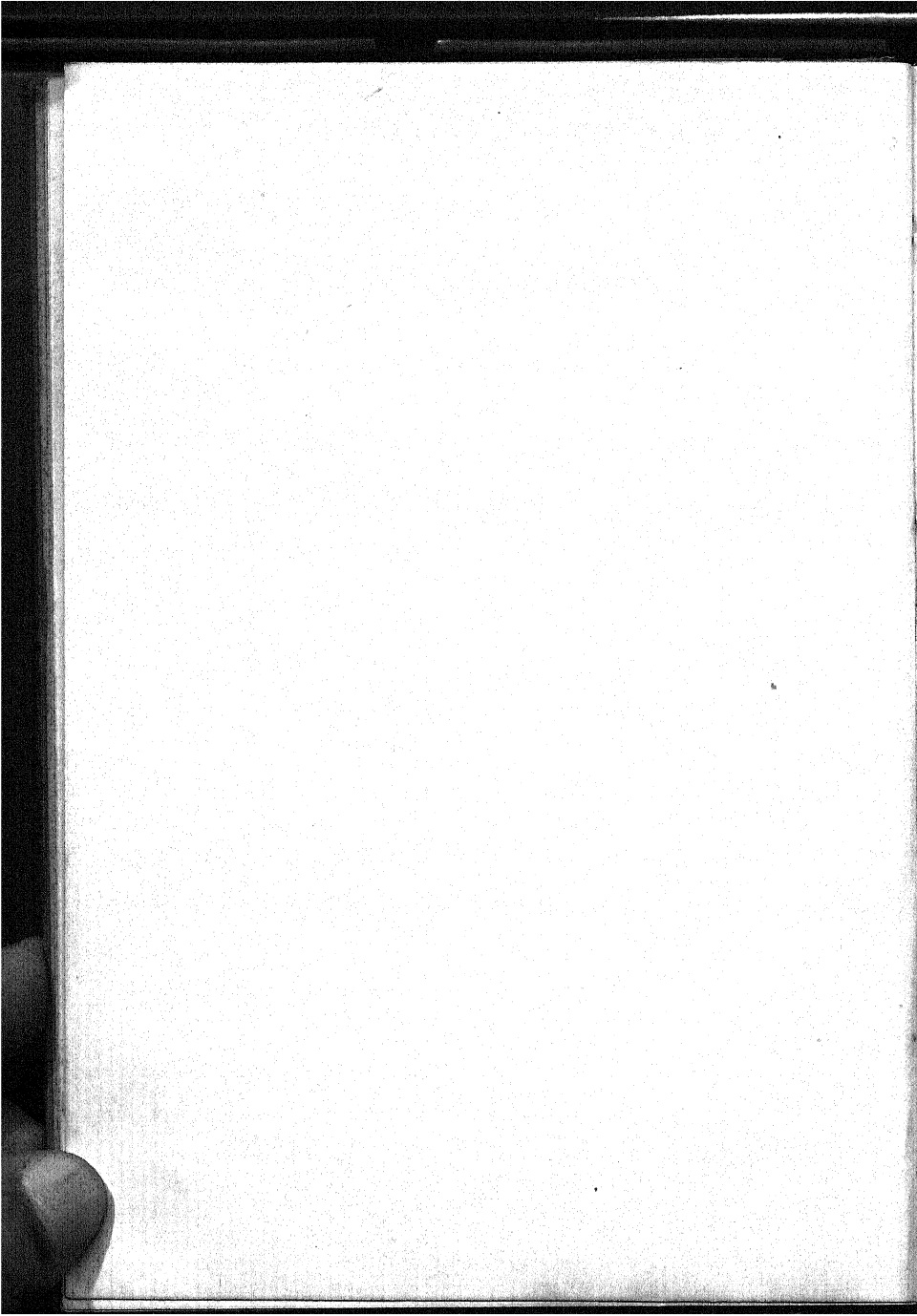
L. B.

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ABOUT THE LANGUAGE



I. ABOUT LANGUAGE FAMILIES

BY JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

From Letters from a Father to his Daughter

THIS is beautiful writing. It is as simple and clear as it is charming. It is put here to give you a standard and an ideal which you may aim at in writing English. If you learn to write as well as Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru you will not merely have learned to write English correctly and adequately; you will be a master of the language.

I

WE cannot say in what part of the world man first came into existence, nor do we know where the first human settlements were. Perhaps men came into existence in several parts at more or less the same time. It is likely however that when the great glaciers of the Ice Age were melting away and going back towards the north, men lived in the warmer regions. When the ice went there must have been vast steppes, something like the tundras which we have in Siberia now. These must have become grasslands and men must have wandered about them as they wanted grass for their cattle. These people who have no fixed place to live in and are always wandering about are

called 'nomads'. Even now we have some nomads in many countries, including India, like the gypsies.

People must have settled down near great rivers, for the land near the rivers was very rich and good for agriculture. There was plenty of water and it was easy to grow food on the land. So we suppose that people settled in India near the great rivers like the Indus and Ganges; and in Mesopotamia near the rivers Tigris and Euphrates; and in Egypt near the river Nile; and so also in China.

In India the earliest race about which we know anything is the Dravidian race. Later, as we shall see, the Aryans came, and the Mongolians in the East. Even now most of the people living in South India are descended from the Dravidians. They are darker in colour than the northern people because perhaps the Dravidians have been much longer in India. The Dravidians were very advanced people and had their own languages and carried on a lot of business with other people. But we are going too fast ahead.

In those early days a new race was developing in central and western Asia and eastern Europe. This is called the Aryan race. In Sanskrit there is the same word *आर्य* (Arya), meaning a gentleman or a high born person. As Sanskrit was one of the languages of the Aryan peoples, this means that they considered themselves very gentlemanly and high born! They were apparently quite as vain as people

are now. You know that an Englishman thinks himself quite the first person on earth, and a Frenchman is equally sure that the French are the greatest people, so also the German and the American and others.

These Aryans wandered about northern Asia and Europe over the wide grasslands. But as their numbers grew and the climate became drier and the grass less, there was not enough food to eat for all of them. So they were forced to move to other parts of the world in search of food. They spread out all over Europe and came to India and Persia and Mesopotamia. Thus we find that nearly all the peoples of Europe and Northern India and Persia and Mesopotamia, although they differ so much from each other now, are really descended from the same ancestors—the Aryans. Of course this was very long ago and since then much has happened and races have got mixed up to a large extent. The Aryans are therefore one great ancestor race of the peoples of the world today.

Another great race is the Mongolian. This spread out all over eastern Asia—in China and Japan and Tibet, Siam and Burma. They are sometimes called the yellow race and you will find that they usually have high cheek bones and narrow eyes.

The people of Africa and some other places are the Negros. They are neither Aryans nor Mongolians, and are very dark in colour.

The peoples of Arabia and Palestine—the Arabs and Hebrews—belong to a yet different race.

All these races have in the course of thousands of years split up into many smaller races and got a little mixed up, but we need not trouble ourselves about these. An important and interesting way of distinguishing between different races is by studying their languages. Each race had originally a separate language, but in course of time many languages developed from this one language. But all these languages were the children of one parent language and belong to the same family. We can easily spot common words in them and see the connexion between different languages.

When the Aryans spread out over Asia and Europe they could not remain in touch with each other. In those days there were no railways, or telegraphs or post or even written books. So each group of Aryans began to speak the same language, each in its own way, and after some time this became quite different from the parent language or from its cousins in other Aryan countries. For this reason we now find so many languages in the world.

We shall find however if we study these languages that although they are so many the parent languages are few. For instance, wherever the Aryans went the language belonged to the Aryan family. Sanskrit and Latin and Greek and English, French, German, Italian and some other languages are all cousins and

belonging to the Aryan family. Many of our Indian languages like Hindi, Urdu, Bengali, Marathi and Gujrati are all children of Sanskrit and so they also belong to the Aryan family.

Another big language family is the Chinese. This has Chinese, Burmese, Tibetan and Siamese.

A third group is the Semitic which includes Arabic and Hebrew.

Some languages like Turkish and Japanese do not fall into any of these three groups. Some of the languages of South India, like Tamil and Telegu and Malayalam and Canarese, also do not belong to these groups. These four are of the Dravidian family and are very old.

II

WE have seen how the Aryans spread out over many countries and carried their language, whatever it was, wherever they went. But different climates and different conditions produced many differences in various groups of the Aryans. Each group went on changing in its own way with new habits and customs. They could not meet the other groups in other countries as it was exceedingly difficult to travel about in those days. Each group was cut off from the others. If the people of one country learnt something new they could not tell it to the people of another country. So changes came in and after some generations the one Aryan family became split up into many.

Perhaps they even forgot that they all belonged to one large family. Their one language became many languages, which seemed to differ greatly from each other.

But although they seemed so different there were many common words and similarities. Even now, after thousands of years, we can find these common words in different languages and can tell that once upon a time these languages must have been one. You know that there are many such common words in French and English. Let us examine two very homely and ordinary words like 'father' and 'mother'. In Hindi and Sanskrit the words are, as you know, पिता and माता ; in Latin they are 'pater' and 'mater'; in Greek 'pater' and 'meter'; in German 'vater' (pronounced फ़ातर) and 'mutter': (pronounced मुत्तर); in French 'père' and 'mère', and so on in many other languages. Do they not all seem to be very much alike? They have a family resemblance, like cousins. Many words, of course, may be borrowed by one language from another. Hindi has borrowed many words from English in this way, and English has borrowed some words from Hindi. But 'father' and 'mother' could not have been borrowed. They cannot be new words. Right at the beginning when people started talking to each other, there were of course fathers and mothers and words must have been found for them. Therefore we can say that these words are not

borrowed. They must have come down from the same ancestor or the same family. And from this we can find out that the people living far apart now in different countries and using different languages must have belonged once upon a time to the same big family.

You will see how interesting the study of languages is and what a lot it teaches us. If we know three or four languages it is not very difficult to learn more languages.

You will also see that most of us now living in different countries far from each other long ago were one people. We have changed greatly since then and many of us have forgotten our old relationships. In every country people imagine that they are the best and the cleverest and the others are not as good as they are. The Englishman thinks that he and his country are the best; the Frenchman is very proud of France and everything French; the Germans and Italians think no end of their countries; and many Indians imagine that India is in many ways the greatest country in the world. This is all conceit. Everybody wants to think well of himself and his country. But really there is no person who has not got some good in him and some bad. And in the same way there is no country which is not partly good and partly bad. We must take the good wherever we find it and try to remove the bad wherever it may be. We are of course most concerned with our own country, India.

Unhappily it is in a bad way today and most of our people are very poor and miserable. They have no pleasure in their lives. We have to find out how we can make them happier. We have to see what is good in our ways and customs and try to keep it, and whatever is bad we have to throw away. If we find anything good in other countries we should certainly take it.

As Indians we have to live in India and work for India. But we must not forget that we belong to the larger family of the world and the people living in other countries are after all our cousins. It would be such an excellent thing if all the people in the world were happy and contented. We have therefore to try to make the whole world a happier place to live in.

II. ABOUT USING WORDS TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

BY WILLIAM COBBETT

From Grammar of the English Language

It may surprise you to find a chapter from a grammar book here, but when you have read it you will feel that you have been in the company of a most interesting man. Further, this passage offers you a true exercise in reading, which is sifting truth from error. Not that Cobbett is stupid or says more than two or three things we shall disagree with. When he is wrong, he is wrong like Dr Johnson, who makes us think always, and in disagreeing with him we discover valuable truth. Cobbett wrote his *Grammar* in 1800 for his son in the form of a series of letters. It is interesting to compare this letter with Mr Herbert's.

I HAVE NOW done with the subject of Grammar, which, as you know, teaches us to use *words* in a proper manner. But though you now, I hope, understand how to avoid error in the forming of sentences, I think it right not to conclude my instructions without saying a few words upon the subject of adding sentence to sentence, and on the subject of *figurative language*.

Language is made use of for one of three purposes ;

namely, to *inform*, to *convince*, or to *persuade*. The first, requiring merely the talent of telling what we know, is a matter of little difficulty. The second demands *reasoning*. The third, besides reasoning, demands all the aid that we can obtain from the use of figures of speech, or, as they are sometimes called, *figures of rhetoric*, which last word means, the power of persuasion.

Whatever may be the purpose for which we use language, it seldom can happen that we do not stand in need of more than one sentence; and, therefore, others must be added. There is no precise *rule*; there can be no precise rule, with regard to the manner of doing this. When we have said one thing, we must add another; and so on, until we have said all that we have to say. But, we ought to take care, and great care, that if any words in a sentence relate, in any way, to words that have *gone before*, we make these words correspond grammatically with those foregoing words.

The *order* of the matter will be, in almost all cases, that of your thoughts. Sit down *to write what you have thought*, and not *to think what you shall write*. Use the first words that occur to you, and never attempt to *alter a thought*; for, that which has come of itself into your mind is likely to pass into that of another more readily and with more effect than any thing which you can, by reflection, invent.

Never stop to *make choice of words*. Put down

your thought in words just as they come. Follow the order which your thought will point out; and it will push you on to get it upon the paper as quickly and as clearly as possible.

Thoughts come much faster than we can put them upon paper. They produce one another; and this order of their coming is, in almost every case, the best possible order that they can have on paper: yet, if you have several in your mind, rising above each other in point of force, the most forcible will naturally come the last upon paper.

There are certain *connecting words*, which it is of importance to use properly: such as *therefore*, which means *for that cause*, *for that reason*. We must take care, when we use such words, that there is *occasion for using them*. We must take care, that when we use *but*, or *for*, or any other connecting word, the sense of our sentences requires such word to be used; for, if such words be improperly used, they throw all into confusion. The adverbs *when*, *then*, *while*, *now*, *there*, and some others, are connecting words, and not used, in their strictly literal sense. For example: 'Well, *then*, I will not do it.' *Then*, in its literal sense, means, *at that time*, or *in that time*: as, 'I was in America *then*.' But 'Well, *then*,' means, 'Well, *if that be so*,' or 'let that be so,' or 'in that case'. You have only to accustom yourself a little to reflect on the *meaning* of these words; for that will soon teach you never to employ them improperly.

A writing, or written discourse, is generally broken into *paragraphs*. When a new paragraph should begin, the nature of your thoughts must tell you. The propriety of it will be pointed out to you by the difference between the thoughts which are coming and those which have gone before. It is impossible to frame rules for regulating such divisions. When a man divides his work into Parts, Books, Chapters, and Sections, he makes the division according to that which the matter has taken in his mind; and, when he comes to write, he has no other guide for the distribution of his matter into sentences and paragraphs.

Never write about any matter that you do not well understand. If you clearly understand all about your matter, you will never want thoughts, and thoughts instantly become words.

One of the greatest of all faults in writing and in speaking is this; the using of many words to *say little*. In order to guard yourself against this fault, inquire what is the *substance*, or *amount*, of what you have said. Take a long speech of some talking Lord, and put down upon paper what the amount of it is. You will most likely find that the *amount* is very small; but, at any rate, when you get it, you will then be able to examine it, and to tell what it is worth. A very few examinations of this sort will so frighten you, that you will be for ever after upon your guard against *talking a great deal* and *saying little*.

Figurative language is very fine when properly

employed; but, figures of rhetoric are edge-tools and two-edge tools too. Take care how you touch them! They are called *figures*, because they represent other things than the words in their literal meaning stand for. For instance: 'The tyrants oppress and starve the people. The people would live amidst abundance, if those *cormorants* did not devour the fruit of their labour.' I shall only observe to you upon this subject, that if you use figures of rhetoric, you ought to take care that they do not make nonsense of what you say; nor excite the ridicule of those to whom you write. Mr Murray, in an address to his students, tells them, that he is about to offer them some advice with regard to their 'future *walks* in the *paths* of literature'. Now, though a man may *take a walk along a path*, a walk means also *the ground* laid out in a certain shape, and such a walk is *wider than a path*. He, in another part of this address, tells them, that they are in the *morning* of life, and that that is the *season* for *exertion*. The morning, my dear James, is *not a season*. The *year*, indeed, has seasons, but the day has none. If he had said the *spring* of life, then he might have added the *season* of exertion. I told you they were *edge-tools*. Beware of them.

I am now, my dear Son, arrived at the last paragraph of my treatise, and I hope, that when you arrive at it, you will understand grammar sufficiently to enable you to write without committing frequent and glaring errors. I shall now leave you, for about four

months, to read and write English; to practise what you have now been taught. At the end of those four months I shall have prepared a Grammar to teach you the *French Language*, which language I hope to hear you speak, and to see you write well, at the end of one year from this time. With English and French on your tongue and in your pen, you have a resource, not only greatly valuable in itself, but a resource that you can be deprived of by none of those changes and chances which deprive men of pecuniary possessions, and which, in some cases, make the purse-proud man of yesterday a crawling sycophant today. Health, without which life is not worth having, you will hardly fail to secure by early rising, exercise, sobriety, and abstemiousness as to food. Happiness, or misery, is in the *mind*. It is the mind that lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas; and not by the number of our days. Never, therefore, esteem men merely on account of their riches or their station. Respect goodness, find it where you may. Honour talent wherever you behold it unassociated with vice; but, honour it most when accompanied with exertion, and especially when exerted in the cause of truth and justice; and, above all things, hold it in honour, when it steps forward to protect defenceless innocence against the attacks of powerful guilt.

III. DEFINITIONS

BY JOHN RUSKIN

From *Munera Pulveris*

RUSKIN was one of the cleverest English writers of the last century. He could write very clearly and managed to put difficult ideas into simple language. His best book is *Unto This Last*, but this extract is taken from another book on the same subject and it shows us how vague our notions of everyday words like 'wealth' often are. It invites us to think clearly and bravely about the words we use. Thinking is what makes us different from all other created things, and it is surprising that so few humans do their own thinking.

12. AND first of WEALTH, which, it has been said, consists of things essentially valuable. We now, therefore, need a definition of 'value'.

'Value' signifies the strength, or 'availing' of anything towards the sustaining of life, and is always twofold; that is to say, primarily, INTRINSIC, and secondarily, EFFECTUAL.

The reader must, by anticipation, be warned against confusing value with cost, or with price. *Value is the life-giving power of anything; cost, the quantity of labour required to produce it; price, the quantity of*

labour which its possessor will take in exchange for it.¹ Cost and price are commercial conditions, to be studied under the head of money.

13. Intrinsic value is the absolute power of anything to support life. A sheaf of wheat of given quality and weight has in it a measurable power of sustaining the substance of the body; a cubic foot of pure air, a fixed power of sustaining its warmth; and a cluster of flowers of given beauty a fixed power of enlivening or animating the senses and heart.

It does not in the least affect the intrinsic value of the wheat, the air, or the flowers, that men refuse or despise them. Used or not, their own power is in them, and that particular power is in nothing else.

14. But in order that this value of theirs may become effectual, a certain state is necessary in the recipient of it. The digesting, breathing, and perceiving functions must be perfect in the human creature before the food, air, or flowers can become of their full value to it. *The production of effectual value, therefore, always involves two needs: first, the production of a thing essentially useful; then the production of the capacity to use it.* Where the intrinsic value and acceptant capacity come together there is Effectual value, or wealth; where there is either no intrinsic value, or no acceptant capacity, there is no effectual value; that is to say, no wealth. A horse is no wealth

¹ [Observe these definitions,—they are of much importance,—and connect with them the sentences in italics below.]

to us if we cannot ride, nor a picture if we cannot see, *nor can any noble thing be wealth, except to a noble person.* As the aptness of the user increases, the effectual value of the thing used increases; and in its entirety can co-exist only with perfect skill of use, and fitness of nature.

15. Valuable material things may be conveniently referred to five heads:

(i) Land, with its associated air, water, and organisms.

(ii) Houses, furniture, and instruments.

(iii) Stored or prepared food, medicine, and articles of bodily luxury, including clothing.

(iv) Books.

(v) Works of art.

The conditions of value in these things are briefly as follows:

16. (i) Land. Its value is twofold; first, as producing food and mechanical power; secondly, as an object of sight and thought, producing intellectual power.

Its value, as a means of producing food and mechanical power, varies with its form (as mountain or plain), with its substance (in soil or mineral contents), and with its climate. All these conditions of intrinsic value must be known and complied with by the men who have to deal with it, in order to give effectual value; but at any given time and place, the intrinsic value is fixed: such and such a piece of land, with its associated lakes and seas, rightly treated in

surface and substance, can produce precisely so much food and power, and no more.

The second element of value in land being its beauty, united with such conditions of space and form as are necessary for exercise, and for fulness of animal life, land of the highest value in these respects will be that lying in temperate climates, and boldly varied in form; removed from unhealthy or dangerous influences (as of miasm or volcano); and capable of sustaining a rich fauna and flora. Such land, carefully tended by the hand of man, so far as to remove from it unsightlinesses and evidences of decay, guarded from violence, and inhabited, under man's affectionate protection, by every kind of living creature that can occupy it in peace, is the most precious 'property' that human beings can possess.

17. (ii) Buildings, furniture, and instruments.

The value of buildings consists, first, in permanent strength, with convenience of form, of size, and of position; so as to render employment peaceful, social intercourse easy, temperature and air healthy. The advisable or possible magnitude of cities, and mode of their distribution in squares, streets, courts, etc.; the relative value of sites of land, and the modes of structure which are healthiest and most permanent, have to be studied under this head.

The value of buildings consists secondly in historical association, and architectural beauty, of which we have to examine the influence on manners and life.

The value of instruments consists, first, in their power of shortening labour, or otherwise accomplishing what human strength unaided could not. The kinds of work which are severally best accomplished by hand or by machine;—the effect of machinery in gathering and multiplying population, and its influence on the minds and bodies of such population; together with the conceivable uses of machinery on a colossal scale in accomplishing mighty and useful works, hitherto unthought of, such as the deepening of large river channels;—changing the surface of mountainous districts;—irrigating tracts of desert in the torrid zone;—breaking up, and thus rendering capable of quicker fusion, edges of ice in the northern and southern Arctic seas, etc., so rendering parts of the earth habitable which hitherto have been lifeless, are to be studied under this head.

The value of instruments is, secondarily, in their aid to abstract sciences. The degree in which the multiplication of such instruments should be encouraged, so as to make them, if large, easy of access to numbers (as costly telescopes), or so cheap as that they might, in a serviceable form, become a common part of the furniture of households, is to be considered under this head.¹

¹ [I cannot now recast these sentences, pedantic in their generalization, and intended more for index, than statement, but I must guard the reader from thinking that I ever wish for cheapness by bad quality. A poor boy need not always learn mathematics; but, if you set him to do so, have the farther kindness to give him good compasses, not cheap ones, whose points bend like lead.]

18. (iii) Food, medicine, and articles of luxury. Under this head we shall have to examine the possible methods of obtaining pure food in such security and equality of supply as to avoid both waste and famine : then the economy of medicine and just range of sanitary law : finally the economy of luxury, partly an æsthetic and partly an ethical question.

19. (iv) Books. The value of these consists,

First, in their power of preserving and communicating the knowledge of facts.

Secondly, in their power of exciting vital or noble emotion and intellectual action. They have also their corresponding negative powers of disguising and effacing the memory of facts, and killing the noble emotions, or exciting base ones. Under these two heads we have to consider the economical and educational value, positive and negative, of literature ;—the means of producing and educating good authors, and the means and advisability of rendering good books generally accessible, and directing the reader's choice to them.

IV. ABOUT WRITING NOVELS

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

From *An Autobiography*

IN this passage an English novelist of the last century whose work is now widely read tells in a simple and open-hearted fashion how he wrote his novels. He was a high official in the Post Office, so could only write in his spare time. He spaced out his leisure systematically as he describes here, and that was how he managed to write so many delightful novels. Very few of us intend to write novels, but all of us can try to catch his liking for hard work and apply it to practising writing English. When you practise, try to write as simply and clearly as this writer.

EARLY in 1858, while I was writing *Doctor Thorne*, I was asked by the great men at the General Post Office to go to Egypt to make a treaty with the Pasha for the conveyance of our mails through that country by railway. There was a treaty in existence, but that had reference to the carriage of bags and boxes by camels from Alexandria to Suez. Since its date the railway had grown, and was now nearly completed, and a new treaty was wanted. So I came over from Dublin to London, on my road, and again went to work among the publishers. The other novel was not finished; but

I thought I had now progressed far enough to arrange a sale while the work was still on the stocks. I went to Mr Bentley and demanded £400,—for the copyright. He acceded, but came to me the next morning at the General Post Office to say that it could not be. He had gone to work at his figures after I had left him, and had found that £300 would be the outside value of the novel. I was intent upon the larger sum; and in furious haste,—for I had but an hour at my disposal,—I rushed to Chapman & Hall in Piccadilly, and said what I had to say to Mr Edward Chapman in a quick torrent of words. They were the first of a great many words which have since been spoken by me in that back-shop. Looking at me as he might have done at a highway robber who had stopped him on Hounslow Heath, he said that he supposed he might as well do as I desired. I considered this to be a sale, and it was a sale. I remember that he held the poker in his hand all the time that I was with him;—but in truth, even though he had declined to buy the book, there would have been no danger.

As I journeyed across France to Marseilles, and made thence a terrible rough voyage to Alexandria, I wrote my allotted number of pages every day. On this occasion more than once I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my state room. It was February, and the weather was miserable; but still I did my work. *Labor omnia vincit improbus*. I do not say that to all men

has been given physical strength sufficient for such exertion as this, but I do believe that real exertion will enable most men to work at almost any season. I had previously to this arranged a system of task-work for myself, which I would strongly recommend to those who feel as I have felt, that labour, when not made absolutely obligatory by the circumstances of the hour, should never be allowed to become spasmodic. There was no day on which it was my positive duty to write for the publishers, as it was my duty to write reports for the Post Office. I was free to be idle if I pleased. But as I had made up my mind to undertake this second profession, I found it to be expedient to bind myself by certain self-imposed laws. When I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there, staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labour, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time,—whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed,—I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about 40. It has been placed as low as 20, and has risen to 112. And as a page is an

ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 250 words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. In the bargains I have made with publishers I have,—not, of course, with their knowledge, but in my own mind,—undertaken always to supply them with so many words, and I have never put a book out of hand short of the number by a single word. I may also say that the excess has been very small. I have prided myself on completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions. But I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time,—and I have always done so. There has ever been the record before me, and a week passed with an insufficient number of pages has been a blister to my eye, and a month so disgraced would have been a sorrow to my heart.

I have been told that such appliances are beneath the notice of a man of genius. I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius, but had I been so I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels. Nothing surely is so potent as a law that may not be disobeyed. It has the force of the water-drop that hollows the stone. A small daily task, if it be really daily, will beat the labours of a spasmodic Hercules. It is the tortoise which always catches the hare. The hare has no chance. He loses more time in glorifying himself for a quick spurt than suffices for the tortoise to make half his journey.

I have known authors whose lives have always been troublesome and painful because their tasks have never been done in time. They have ever been as boys struggling to learn their lesson as they entered the school gates. Publishers have distrusted them, and they have failed to write their best because they have seldom written at ease. I have done double their work,—though burdened with another profession,—and have done it almost without an effort. I have not once, through all my literary career, felt myself even in danger of being late with my task. I have known no anxiety as to ‘copy’. The needed pages far ahead—very far ahead—have almost always been in the drawer beside me. And that little diary, with its dates and ruled spaces, its record that must be seen, its daily, weekly demand upon my industry, has done all that for me. ✓

There are those who would be ashamed to subject themselves to such a taskmaster, and who think that the man who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait till—inspiration moves him. When I have heard such doctrine preached, I have hardly been able to repress my scorn. To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting. If the man whose business it is to write has eaten too many good things, or has drunk too much, or smoked too many cigars,—as men who write sometimes will do,—then his condition may be unfavourable for work;

but so will be the condition of a shoemaker who has been similarly imprudent. I have sometimes thought that the inspiration wanted has been the remedy which time will give to the evil results of such imprudence.—*Mens sana in corpore sano*. The author wants that as does every other workman,—that and a habit of industry. I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than the inspiration.

It will be said, perhaps, that a man whose work has risen to no higher pitch than mine has attained, has no right to speak of the strains and impulses to which real genius is exposed. I am ready to admit the great variations in brain power which are exhibited by the products of different men, and am not disposed to rank my own very high; but my own experience tells me that a man can always do the work for which his brain is fitted if he will give himself the habit of regarding his work as a normal condition of his life. I therefore venture to advise young men who look forward to authorship as the business of their lives, even when they propose that that authorship be of the highest class known, to avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pens, and to seat themselves at their desks day by day as though they were lawyers' clerks;—and so let them sit until the allotted task shall be accomplished.

V. INVITATION TO THE WORD WAR

BY A. P. HERBERT

From *What a Word!*

CHARMINGLY brilliant, whether he writes in prose or verse, Mr Herbert is the most amusing of contemporary English didactic writers. Not that he is always driving lessons home, or that every time he is very funny he has a lesson to drive home. But seriousness is more and more breaking into his fun. Social evils seem to haunt him. One of these evils is the lax use of words. In 1935 he wrote quite a long book called *What a Word!* about this. The following passage is the preface to that book. It sums up all that we have read about using words, and what it teaches us applies to any language we may be using. Words all mean something definite, and groups of words attain still more definite meaning—unless we use them loosely; and then our words lose power and we ourselves lose power.

WORRY about words, Bobby. Your grandmother is right. For, whatever else you may do, you will be using words always. All day, and every day, words matter. Though you live in a barrel and speak to nobody but yourself, words matter. For words are the tools of thought, and you will find often that you are thinking badly because you are using the wrong tools,

trying to bore a hole with a screw-driver, or draw a cork with a coal-hammer.¹

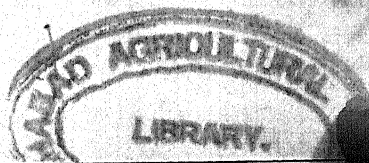
Excited persons will tell you—are telling you now—that you must be ‘air-minded’. No doubt, at the moment, they are right. But flying is only the last, and, I suspect, the least interesting, of numerous methods of locomotion. The birds have had it for a long time; and it is not important. We catch and keep the birds in cages, not because they fly but because they sing. Before you die the aeroplane may be as out of date as the rickshaw is today. But words will still matter; and your capacity for thought and speech will still be the only quality that keeps you out of the Zoo.

The power and pleasure of words are enduring, and can be enjoyed by all men. They are not the privilege of wealth or intellect or costly education; and they do not suddenly perish, like last year’s motor-car or fox-trot. They are not the monopoly of writers, lovers of literature, or lawyers. Every trade and every profession is conducted with words. The English language, like the right of criticism, belongs to every subject. And so we might expect that the same authorities which urge you to get ‘air-mindedness’ and ‘road-sense’ and ‘hygiene-awareness’ and ‘civic spirit’ would beg you sometimes to think about your words, to

¹ ‘A great man said long ago that most of the controversies in the world would end as soon as they began if men would only start by defining their terms.’—LORD HEWART, in the *Sunday Times*.

respect and treasure the language of the race, which you are using, changing, enriching, or damaging every hour of every day. Such exhortations are seldom heard; and it is not surprising that most of us choose and use our words with no more thought than we give to respiration, fondly supposing that it is as easy and natural to speak the English language as it is to breathe the English air. But I, though I have no particular title nor aptitude for the affair and am in error as frequently as you, exhort you boldly in the nation's name to worry about words, to have an affection and a respect and a curiosity for words, to keep a dictionary in the home and ask yourself often: 'Now, why do I say that?' I am not urging you to be always right: for few can hope for that. But we all can worry; and that is the beginning of virtue.

It is not, I warn you, Bobby, a comfortable estate to be of those who worry about words. When I have read a few columns in Mr H. W. Fowler's *Modern English Usage* I feel that I shall never dare to put pen to paper again. They are much happier who can read without a twinge Mr Brown's complaint that Mr Smith has 'sabotaged the Peace issue' and pass on contentedly to the next column, in which Mr Robinson tells us that the M. C. C. 'have finalized the body-line issue'. We know, we must admit, or very nearly know, what Mr Brown and Mr Robinson mean, and therefore, we admit, we might be content. For if we understand clearly the signals of a policeman we do



not think of complaining that his movements are not graceful (though, by the way, they generally are). And it may be said that, the chief purpose of words being to convey meaning, to transfer thought, if that is done efficiently there is no cause of complaint. But though the chief purpose of a motor-car is to convey or transfer bodies those who manufacture, market, and purchase it use increasing care to secure that it shall be elegant and graceful as well; and in like fashion we think it right to go on worrying about words, however much it wearies ourselves or others.

I declare a new and ruthless Word War; and I invite all lovers of good words to buckle on their dictionaries and enter the fight, whether on our side or against us. We shall often, we know, become casualties (what a phrase!) ourselves; but this will make us fight more carefully and not less keenly. So, brothers, lay on!

Piratical, ruffianly, masked, braggart, and ill-bred words invade our language and lay waste our thought every day. I am not, brothers, in a superior manner, distributing blame to those who use these unseemly expressions. Nay, I have a Christian understanding of the real cause of offence, which is that those who use the most numerous words in public—that is, politicians and journalists—have the least time in which to choose their words. The Cabinet Minister who speaks for an hour or more in the House of Commons (interrupted from time to time) cannot be expected to make every sentence perfectly obedient to the laws of

elegance or even grammar ; and when, after a long day in his Department and the House, he comes to a public dinner the wonder is that so often he speaks so entertainingly and well.

The special reporter or dramatic critic, writing with one foot in the telephone-box—and two minutes to go—and even, in a crisis, the leader-writer, have the same defence. The orator on the soap-box, back to the wall, has no time to polish his retorts to the shower of abuse or cabbage-stalks which he has drawn upon himself, and from his excited mind emerges easily some parrot-phrase about ‘ sabotaging the Peace issue ’, ‘ not deviating from an attitude ’, ‘ implementing a pre-obligation ’, or ‘ liquidating a situation ’.

But though we are Christians we must be just and firm, we lonely fighters in the Word War. Without condemning any individual we can throw such odium upon the offensive *words* that they will cease to come naturally to any pen or tongue. The mind of the orator, however many cabbages fly round his head, will unconsciously reject these inelegant weapons, as, in most cases, it would refuse to discharge an indecent or blasphemous reply.

But how is this to be brought about ? Very simply. Indeed, the machinery exists already. We poor professional writers receive by every other post advice and criticism from strangers, not only about what we say but about our manner of saying it—hyphens, split infinitives, relative clauses, ‘ if and when ’, etc. Some-

times the strangers are very wrong; but often they are right and helpful. In either case they show a healthy interest in the use of language and encourage care in the writer. I suggest that the same attention be paid to the language of politics and 'public life' and journalism and business, in which more words are flung about in a single day than all the modern novelists by massed contemporaneous effort could distribute in a whole year. The late Prime Minister himself was criticized for the form as much as for the substance of certain speeches. Whether that was just or not we do not know (and it might be argued that some of the critics were heaving boulders in a glass-house), but the principle was sound. If interruptions concerning petty points of policy are permissible at public meetings, let us from time to time have interventions in the great cause of words, thus:

Speaker. I say that by his speech at the Corn Exchange my opponent is deliberately sabotaging the Peace issue!

A Voice. Why?

Speaker. Because the League of Nations——

Interrupter. I meant, 'Why do you use such extraordinary language?'

Speaker. I use the language of Idealism, the language of Hope, the language of the toiling masses——

Interrupter. No, you don't. The toiling masses

have more sense. You use the language of a lunatic——

Voices. Chuck him out!

Speaker. My policy, Sir, is to consolidate the Peace front by mobilizing the forces of the Left on a collective-security-system basis——

Interrupter. Your policy is admirable. I shall probably vote for you. But you are making a speech; and a speech is made of words; and your words are pestilent.

Voices. Chuck him out!

Interrupter. What exactly do you mean by ‘ sabotage ’? And can you sabotage an issue?

Voices. Chuck him out!

Interrupter. And what’s all this nonsense about ‘ Fronts ’? I’ve noticed that the more peace-loving you are, some of you, the more you talk about Fronts and forces and militants and all that.

Voices. Chuck him out!

Interrupter. You mean, don’t you, that you don’t agree with your opponent about the best way to secure Peace?

Speaker. I do, Sir.

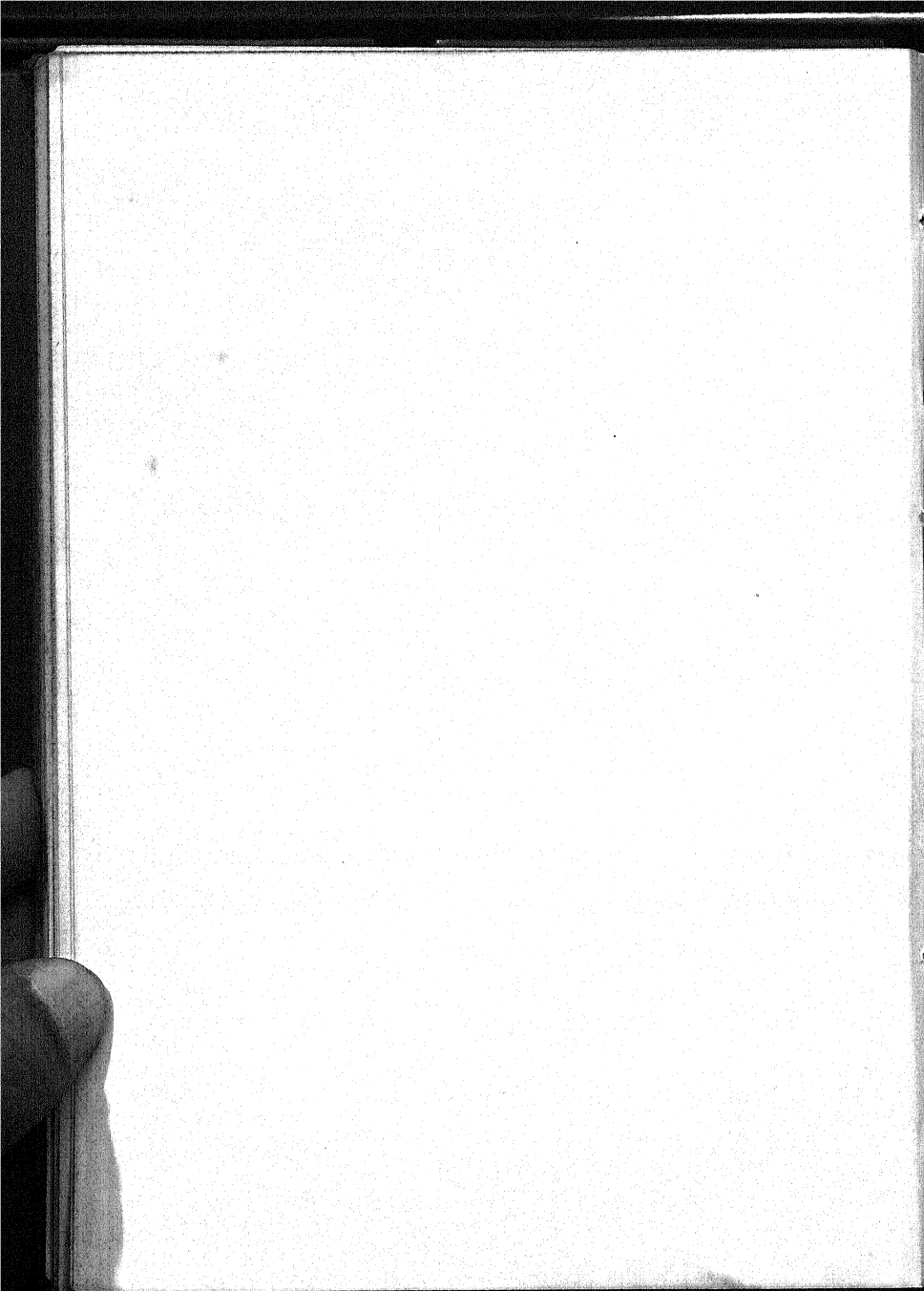
Interrupter. Then why the —— don’t you say so?

I sympathize, I repeat, with the speaker. But it is expedient that he should suffer for the general good; and he may live to thank you.

Then there is the advertiser, who has much less excuse; for he has quiet and time, and his mischief

is done deliberately. Write to him and tell him that his language offends you so much that you will not buy his goods. Tell the 'stockist' who offers to 'serve' you that you prefer to deal with a simple fellow who is content to serve you. And be a nuisance in the home. Stop your mother (politely) when she says 'literally', and ask her what she *means*. Interrupt them! Badger them! Write to them! Ask them what they *mean*! Let none of the wicked words escape without a challenge. For together, brothers, we can do a great work for the English—or must we now say the British—language. And do not be afraid of being called a snob or a pedant. We are not attacking ignorance but inefficiency. Words are the tools of every trade, and there is nothing snobbish or pedantic in expecting every one to know (or try to know) his job. It is not pedantic to bowl straight, nor is the Umpire snobbish when he says 'Out!'

STORIES



VI. ACME

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

From Captures

ONE of the problems of the short-story writer, here admirably overcome, is that he must present his characters in a flash so that he has time to show them reacting on one another. Here are two characters, the man of genius and his friend. We must not confuse the friend with Galsworthy; the speech is the loose, very colloquial speech of the ordinary man about town. Their reactions offer us a criticism of the old, silent films, made in very good humour, with the complete turn round at the end that the genius evidently loved them or loved to go and despise them. The old films were usually preposterous, but often entertainingly so. The 'talking' cinema is different, and this opportunity may be taken of expressing the indignation of cultured exiles from the West in this country at the degrading quality of most of the films imported into India. They are as untrue to life as they are disgusting. But the 'Talkie' can be a wonderful vehicle for artistic expression. Never lose the opportunity of seeing what can be done in this medium by producers like Eisenstein, Flaherty, Pabst or René Clair.

IN these days no man of genius need starve. The following story of my friend Bruce may be taken as proof of this assertion. Nearly sixty when I first knew him, he must have written already some fifteen books,

which had earned him the reputation of 'a genius' with the few who know. He used to live in York Street, Adelphi, where he had two rooms up the very shaky staircase of a house chiefly remarkable for the fact that its front door seemed always open. I suppose there never was a writer more indifferent to what people thought of him. He profoundly neglected the Press—not with one of those neglects which grow on writers from reading reviews of their own works—he seemed never to read criticism, but with the basic neglect of 'an original', a nomadic spirit, a stranger in modern civilization, who would leave his attics for long months of wandering and come back there to hibernate and write a book. He was a tall, thin man, with a face rather like Mark Twain's, black eyebrows which bristled and shot up, a bitten, drooping grey moustache, and fuzzy grey hair; but his eyes were like owl's eyes, piercing, melancholy, dark brown, and gave to his rugged face the extraordinary expression of a spirit remote from the flesh which had captured it. He was a bachelor, who seemed to avoid women; perhaps they had 'learned' him that; for he must have been very attractive to them.

The year of which I write had been to my friend Bruce the devil, monetarily speaking. With his passion for writing that for which his age had no taste—what could he expect? His last book had been a complete frost. He had undergone, too, an operation which had cost him much money and left him very

weak. When I went to see him that October I found him stretched out on two chairs, smoking the Brazilian cigarettes which he affected—and which always affected me, so black and strong they were, in their yellow maize-leaf coverings. He had a writing-pad on his knee, and sheets of paper scattered all around. The room had a very meagre look. I had not seen him for a year and more, but he looked up at me as if I'd been in yesterday.

'Hallo!' he said. 'I went into a thing they call a cinema last night. Have you ever been?'

'Ever been? Do you know how long the cinema has been going? Since about 1900.'

'Well! What a *thing*! I'm writing a skit on it!'

'How—a skit?'

'Parody—wildest yarn you ever read.'

He took up a sheet of paper and began chuckling to himself.

'My heroine,' he said, 'is an Octoroon. Her eyes swim, and her lovely bosom heaves. Everybody wants her, and she's more virtuous than words can say. The situations she doesn't succumb to would freeze your blood; they'd roast your marrow. She has a perfect devil of a brother, with whom she was brought up, and who knows her deep dark secret and wants to trade her off to a millionaire who also has a deep dark secret. Altogether there are four deep dark secrets in my yarn. It's a corker.'

'What a waste of your time!' I said.

‘My time!’ he answered fiercely. ‘What’s the use of my time? Nobody buys my books.’

‘Who’s attending you?’

‘Doctors! They take your money, that’s all. I’ve got no money. Don’t talk about me!’ Again he took up a sheet of manuscript; and chuckled.

‘Last night—at that place—they had—good God!—a race between a train and a motor-car. Well, I’ve got one between a train, a motor-car, a flying machine, and a horse.’

I sat up.

‘May I have a look at your skit,’ I said, ‘when you’ve finished it?’

‘It is finished. Wrote it straight off. D’you think I could stop and then go on again with a thing like that?’ He gathered the sheets and held them out to me. ‘Take the thing—it’s amused me to do it. The heroine’s secret is that she isn’t an Octoroon at all; she’s a De La Casse—purest Creole blood of the South; and her villainous brother isn’t her brother; and the bad millionaire isn’t a millionaire; and her penniless lover is. It’s rich, I tell you!’

‘Thanks,’ I said dryly, and took the sheets.

I went away concerned about my friend, his illness and his poverty, especially his poverty, for I saw no end to it.

After dinner that evening I began languidly to read his skit. I had not read two pages of the thirty-five before I started up, sat down again, and feverishly

read on. Skit! By George! He had written a perfect scenario—or, rather, that which wanted the merest professional touching-up to be perfect. I was excited. It was a little gold-mine if properly handled. Any good film company, I felt convinced, would catch at it. Yes! But how to handle it? Bruce was such an unaccountable creature, such a wild old bird! Imagine his having only just realized the cinema! If I told him his skit was a serious film, he would say: ‘Good God!’ and put it in the fire, priceless though it was. And yet, how could I market it without *carte blanche*, and how get *carte blanche* without giving my discovery away? I was deathly keen on getting some money for him; and this thing, properly worked, might almost make him independent. I felt as if I had a priceless museum piece which a single stumble might shatter to fragments. The tone of his voice when he spoke of the cinema—‘What a *thing*!’—kept coming back to me. He was prickly proud, too—very difficult about money. Could I work it without telling him anything? I knew he never looked at a newspaper. But should I be justified in taking advantage of that—in getting the thing accepted and produced without his knowing? I revolved the question for hours, and went to see him again next day.

He was reading.

‘Hallo! You again? What do you think of this theory—that the Egyptians derive from a Saharan civilization?’

'I don't think,' I said.

'It's nonsense. This fellow——'

I interrupted him.

'Do you want that skit back, or can I keep it?'

'Skit? What skit?'

'The thing you gave me yesterday.'

'That! Light your fire with it. This fellow——'

'Yes,' I said; 'I'll light a fire with it. I see you're busy.'

'Oh, no! I'm not,' he said. 'I've nothing to do. What's the good of my writing? I earn less and less with every book that comes out. I'm dying of poverty.'

'That's because you won't consider the Public.'

'How can I consider the Public when I don't know what they want?'

'Because you won't take the trouble to find out. If I suggested a way to you of pleasing the Public and making money you'd kick me out of the room.'

And the words, 'For instance, I've got a little gold-mine of yours in my pocket,' were on the tip of my tongue, but I choked them back. 'Daren't risk it!' I thought. 'He's given you the thing. *Carte blanche—cartes serrées!*'

I took the gold-mine away and promptly rough-shaped it for the film. It was perfectly easy, without any alteration of the story. Then I was faced with the temptation to put his name to it. The point was this: If I took it to a film company as an authorless scenario

I should only get authorless terms; whereas, if I put his name to it, with a little talking I could double the terms at least. The film public didn't know his name, of course, but the inner literary public did, and it's wonderful how you can impress the market with the word 'genius' judiciously used. It was too dangerous, however; and at last I hit on a middle course. I would take it to them with no name attached, but tell them it was by 'a genius', and suggest that they could make capital out of the incognito. I knew they would feel it *was* by a genius.

I took it to an excellent company next day with a covering note saying: 'The author, a man of recognized literary genius, for certain reasons prefers to remain unknown.' They took a fortnight in which to rise, but they rose. They had to. The thing was too good in itself. For a week I played them over terms. Twice I delivered an ultimatum—twice they surrendered: they knew too well what they had got. I could have made a contract with two thousand pounds down which would have brought at least another two thousand pounds before the contract term closed; but I compounded for one that gave me three thousand pounds down as likely to lead to less difficulty with Bruce. The terms were not a whit too good for what was really the 'acme' of scenarios. If I could have been quite open I could certainly have done better. Finally, however, I signed the contract, delivered the manuscript, and received a cheque for the price. I

was elated, and at the same time knew that my troubles were just beginning. With Bruce's feeling about the film how the deuce should I get him to take the money? Could I go to his publishers and conspire with them to trickle it out to him gradually as if it came from his books? That meant letting them into the secret; besides, he was too used to receiving practically nothing from his books; it would lead him to make inquiry, and the secret was bound to come out. Could I get a lawyer to spring an inheritance on him? That would mean no end of lying and elaboration, even if a lawyer would consent. Should I send him the money in Bank of England notes with the words: 'From a lifelong admirer of your genius?' I was afraid he would suspect a trick, or stolen notes, and go to the police to trace them. Or should I just go, put the cheque on the table and tell him the truth?

The question worried me terribly, for I didn't feel entitled to consult others who knew him. It was the sort of thing that, if talked over, would certainly leak out. It was not desirable, however, to delay cashing a big cheque like that. Besides, they had started on the production. It happened to be a slack time, with a dearth of good films, so that they were rushing it on. And in the meantime there was Bruce—starved of everything he wanted, unable to get away for want of money, depressed about his health and his future. And yet so completely had he always seemed to me different, strange, superior to this civilization of ours,

that the idea of going to him and saying simply :
'This is yours, for the film you wrote,' scared me. I
could hear his : ' I? Write for the cinema? What
do you mean?'

When I came to think of it, I had surely taken an
extravagant liberty in marketing the thing without
consulting him. I felt he would never forgive that,
and my feeling towards him was so affectionate, even
reverential, that I simply hated the idea of being
wiped out of his good books. At last I hit on a way
that by introducing my own interest might break my
fall. I cashed the cheque, lodged the money at my
bank, drew my own cheque on it for the full amount,
and, armed with that and the contract, went to see
him.

He was lying on two chairs smoking his Brazilians
and playing with a stray cat which had attached itself
to him. He seemed rather less prickly than usual, and,
after beating about the bushes of his health and other
matters, I began :

' I've got a confession to make, Bruce.'

' Confession !' he said. ' What confession?'

' You remember that skit on the film you wrote and
gave me about six weeks ago?'

' No.'

' Yes, you do—about an Octoroon.'

He chuckled. ' Oh ah ! That !'

I took a deep breath, and went on :

‘ Well, I sold it; and the price of course belongs to you.’

‘ What? Who’d print a thing like that?’

‘ It isn’t printed. It’s been made into a film—super-film, they call it.’

His hand came to a pause on the cat’s back, and he glared at me. I hastened on:

‘ I ought to have told you what I was doing, but you’re so prickly, and you’ve got such confounded superior notions. I thought if I did you’d be biting off your nose to spite your own face. The fact is it made a marvellous scenario. Here’s the contract, and here’s a cheque on my bank for the price—three thousand pounds. If you like to treat me as your agent, you owe me three hundred pounds. I don’t expect it, but I’m not proud like you, and I shan’t sneeze.’

‘ Good God!’ he said.

‘ Yes, I know. But it’s all nonsense, Bruce. You can carry scruples to altogether too great length. Tainted source! Everything’s tainted, if you come to that. The film’s a quite justified expression of modern civilization—a natural outcome of the age. It gives amusement; it affords pleasure. It may be vulgar, it may be cheap, but we *are* vulgar, and we *are* cheap, and it’s no use pretending we’re not—not you, of course, Bruce, but people at large. A vulgar age wants vulgar amusement, and if we can give it that amusement we ought to; life’s not too cheery, anyway.’

The glare in his eyes was almost paralysing me, but I managed to stammer on :

‘ You live out of the world—you don’t realize what humdrum people want; something to balance the greyness, the—the banality of their lives. They want blood, thrill, sensation of all sorts. You didn’t mean to give it them, but you have, you’ve done them a benefit, whether you wish to or not, and the money’s yours and you’ve got to take it.’

The cat suddenly jumped down. I waited for the storm to burst.

‘ I know,’ I dashed on, ‘ that you hate and despise the film——

Suddenly his voice boomed out :

‘ Bosh! What are you talking about? Film! I go there every other night.’

It was my turn to say ‘ Good God!’ And ramming contract and cheque into his empty hand, I bolted, closely followed by the cat.

VII. TRIBUTE

By A. E. COPPARD

From *The Black Dog*

HERE is a bitter little War story which offers us a comment on human nature. The writer himself, as is the artist's way, offers no comment: he selects his facts so that we see the picture completely and the comment springs to our minds. It is bitterly true—as Europe knows today to its cost—that war brings out the best and the worst in human nature and the best is often killed while the worst flourishes, glutted with gain.

Men are born to spend or save. Tony spent and 'went on working at the mill'. Nathan saved and he and his children became great in the land. But the pathetic nonsense his daughter talks at the end reminds us of the great paradox, 'he that saveth his life shall lose it', for surely her soul through selfishness was dead. The author as a student of human nature offers in this story an answer to those idealists who look forward to a social and economic equality of man:—'All these dear people are being cared for by us. . . . It will go on, of course, yes, for ever.' How complacent and how unpleasant; how untrue and yet how true. There is a great deal, you see, in this story.

Two honest young men lived in Braddle, worked together at the spinning mills at Braddle, and courted the same girl in the town of Braddle, a girl named

Patience who was poor and pretty. One of them, Nathan Regent, who wore cloth uppers to his best boots, was steady, silent, and dignified, but Tony Vassall, the other, was such a happy-go-lucky fellow that he soon carried the good-will of Patience in his heart, in his handsome face, in his pocket at the end of his nickel watch chain, or wherever the sign of requited love is carried by the happy lover. The virtue of steadiness, you see, can be measured only by the years, and this Tony had put such a hurry into the tender bosom of Patience: silence may very well be golden, but it is a currency not easy to negotiate in the kingdom of courtship; dignity is so much less than simple faith that it is unable to move even one mountain, it charms the hearts only of bank managers and bishops.

So Patience married Tony Vassall and Nathan turned his attention to other things, among them to a girl who had a neat little fortune—and Nathan married that.

Braddle is a large gaunt hill covered with dull little houses, and it has flowing from its side a stream which feeds a gigantic and beneficent mill. Without that mill—as everybody in Braddle knew, for it was there that everybody in Braddle worked—the heart of Braddle would cease to beat. Tony went on working at the mill. So did Nathan in a way, but he had a cute ambitious wife, and what with her money and influence he was soon made a manager of one of the departments.

Tony went on working at the mill. In a few more years Nathan's steadiness so increased his opportunities that he became joint manager of the whole works. Then his colleague died; he was appointed sole manager, and his wealth became so great that eventually Nathan and Nathan's wife bought the entire concern. Tony went on working at the mill. He now had two sons and a daughter, Nancy, as well as his wife Patience, so that even his possessions may be said to have increased although his position was no different from what it had been for twenty years.

The Regents, now living just outside Braddle, had one child, a daughter named Olive, of the same age as Nancy. She was very beautiful and had been educated at a school to which she rode on a bicycle until she was eighteen.

About that time, you must know, the country embarked upon a disastrous campaign, a war so calamitous that every sacrifice was demanded of Braddle. The Braddle mills were worn from their very bearings by their colossal efforts, increasing by day or by night, to provide what were called the sinews of war. Almost everybody in Braddle grew white and thin and sullen with the strain of constant labour. Not quite everybody, for the Regents received such a vast increase of wealth that their eyes sparkled; they scarcely knew what to do with it; their faces were neither white nor sullen.

'In times like these,' declared Nathan's wife, 'we

must help our country still more, still more we must help; let us lend our money to the country.'

'Yes,' said Nathan.

So they lent their money to their country. The country paid them tribute, and therefore, as the Regent wealth continued to flow in, they helped their country more and more; they even lent the tribute back to the country and received yet more tribute for that.

'In times like these,' said the country, 'we must have more men, more men we must have.' And so Nathan went and sat upon a Tribunal; for, as everybody in Braddle knew, if the mills of Braddle ceased to grind, the heart of Braddle would cease to beat.

'What can we do to help our country?' asked Tony Vassall of his master, 'we have no money to lend.'

'No?' was the reply. 'But you can give your strong son Dan.'

Tony gave his son Dan to the country.

'Good-bye, dear son,' said his father, and his brother and his sister Nancy said 'Good-bye'. His mother kissed him.

Dan was killed in battle; his sister Nancy took his place at the mill.

In a little while the neighbours said to Tony Vassall: 'What a fine strong son is your young Albert Edward!'

And Tony gave his son Albert Edward to the country.

'Good-bye, dear son,' said his father; his sister kissed him, his mother wept on his breast.

Albert Edward was killed in battle; his mother took his place at the mill.

But the war did not cease; though friend and foe alike were almost drowned in blood it seemed as powerful as eternity, and in time Tony Vassall too went to battle and was killed. The country gave Patience a widow's pension, as well as a touching inducement to marry again; she died of grief. Many people died in those days, it was not strange at all. Nathan and his wife got so rich that after the war they died of over-eating, and their daughter Olive came into a vast fortune and a Trustee.

The Trustee went on lending the Braddle money to the country, the country went on sending large sums of interest to Olive (which was the country's tribute to her because of her parents' unforgotten, and indeed unforgettable, kindness), while Braddle went on with its work of enabling the country to do this. For when the war came to an end the country told Braddle that those who had not given their lives must now turn to and really work, work harder than before the war, much, much harder, or the tribute could not be paid and the heart of Braddle would therefore cease to beat. Braddle folk saw that this was true, only too true, and they did as they were told.

The Vassall girl, Nancy, married a man who had done deeds of valour in the war. He was a mill hand like her father, and they had two sons, Daniel and Albert Edward. Olive married a grand man, though

it is true he was not very grand to look at. He had a small sharp nose, but that did not matter very much because when you looked at him in profile his bouncing red cheeks quite hid the small sharp nose, as completely as two hills hide a little barn in a valley. Olive lived in a grand mansion with numerous servants who helped her to rear a little family of one, a girl named Mercy, who also had a small sharp nose and round red cheeks.

Every year after the survivors' return from the war Olive gave a supper to her workpeople and their families, hundreds of them ; for six hours there would be feasting and toys, music and dancing. Every year Olive would make a little speech to them all, reminding them all of their duty to Braddle and Braddle's duty to the country, although, indeed, she did not remind them of the country's tribute to Olive. That was perhaps a theme unfitting to touch upon, it would have been boastful and quite unbecoming.

'These are grave times for our country,' Olive would declare, year after year: 'her responsibilities are enormous, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel.'

Every year one of the workmen would make a little speech in reply, thanking Olive for enabling the heart of Braddle to continue its beats, calling down the spiritual blessings of heaven and the golden blessings of the world upon Olive's golden head. One year the honour of replying fell to the husband of Nancy, and he was more than usually eloquent for on that very day

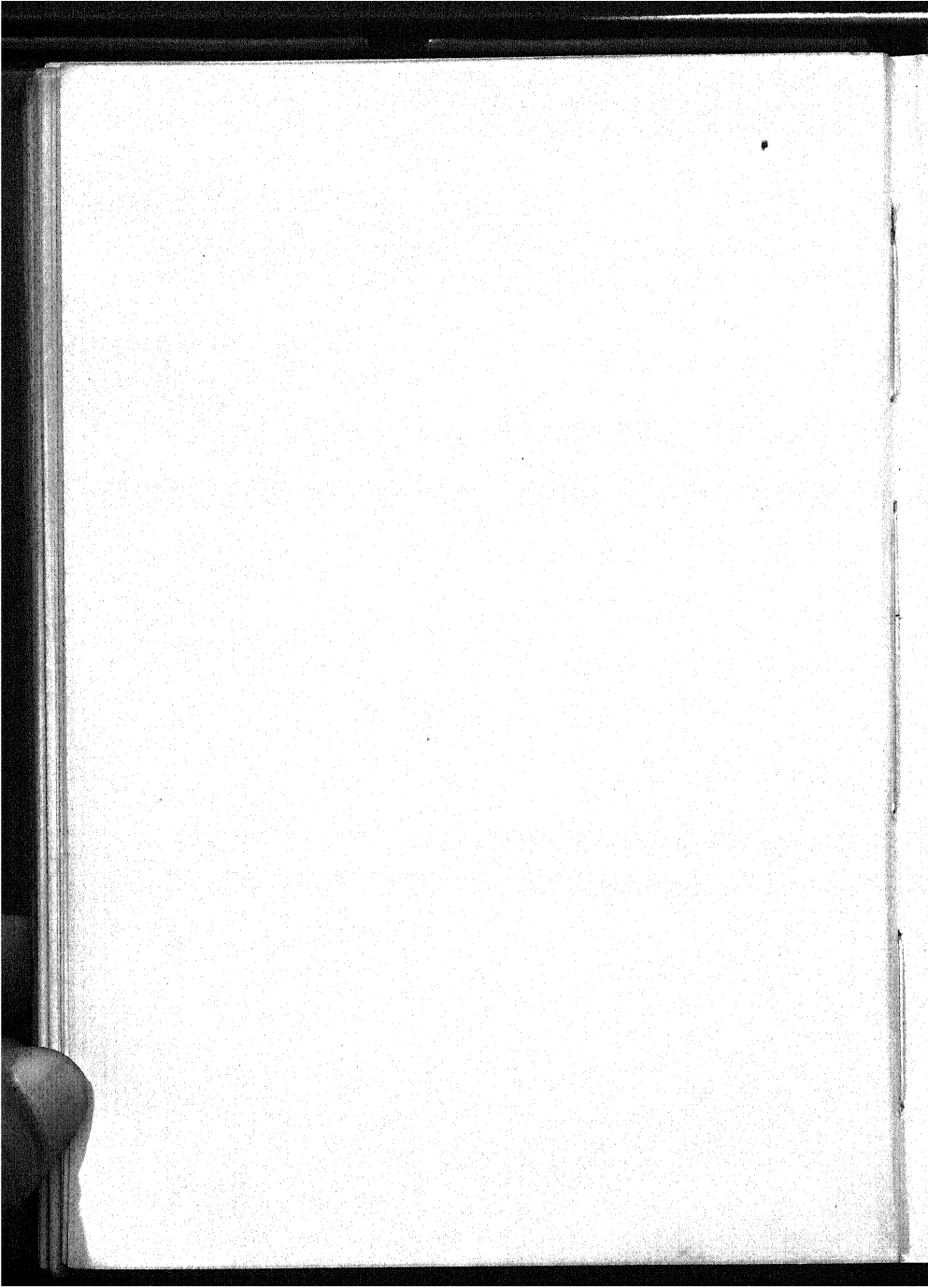
their two sons had commenced to doff bobbins at the mill. No one applauded louder than Nancy's little Dan or Nancy's Albert Edward, unless it was Nancy herself. Olive was always much moved on these occasions. She felt that she did not really know these people, that she would never know them; she wanted to go on seeing them, being with them, and living with rapture in their workaday world. But she did not do this.

'How beautiful it all is!' she would sigh to her daughter, Mercy, who accompanied her. 'I am so happy. All these dear people are being cared for by us, just simply us. God's scheme of creation—you see—the Almighty—we are his agents—we must always remember that. It goes on for years, years upon years it goes on. It will go on, of course, yes, for ever; the heart of Braddle will not cease to beat. The old ones die, the young grow old, the children mature and marry and keep the mill going. When I am dead . . .'

'Mamma, mamma!'

'O yes, indeed, one day! Then *you* will have to look after all these things, Mercy, and you will talk to them—just like me. Yes, to own the mill is a grave and difficult thing, only those who own them know how grave and difficult; it calls forth all one's deepest and rarest qualities; but it is a divine position, a noble responsibility. And the people really love me—I think.'

ABOUT SCIENCE



VIII. ABOUT THE STARS

BY SIR JAMES JEANS

From *The Universe Around Us*

THIS passage gives us the point of view of the modern scientist in his search for truth. 'The more mundane sciences', the writer says, 'prove their worth by adding to the amenities and pleasures of life, or by alleviating pain or distress, but it may well be asked what reward astronomy can offer.' As he tells us, 'astronomy was originally studied for mainly utilitarian reasons', but that day has long gone and astronomers continue to unfold the wonders of the heavens. How do these discoveries concern the ordinary person? Astronomy puts us in our place. It conquers the infinitely far ranges of space and shows our earth an unimportant speck in an inferior system of stars. It is of the order of truth that relieves us from littleness.

WHY does the astronomer devote arduous nights, and still more arduous days, to studying the structure, motions and changes of bodies so remote that they can have no conceivable influence on human life?

In part at least the answer would seem to be that many have begun to suspect that the astronomy of today, like that of Galileo, may have something to say on the enthralling question of the relation of human life to the universe in which it is placed, and on the

beginnings, meaning and destiny of the human race. Bede records how, some twelve centuries ago, human life was compared in poetic simile to the flight of a bird through a warm hall in which men sit feasting, while the winter storms rage without.

The bird is safe from the tempest for a brief moment, but immediately passes from winter to winter again. So man's life appears for a little while, but of what is to follow, or of what went before, we know nothing. If, therefore, a new doctrine tells us something certain, it seems to deserve to be followed.

These words, originally spoken in advocacy of the Christian religion, describe what is perhaps the main interest of astronomy today. Man

only knowing

Life's little lantern between dark and dark

wishes to probe further into the past and future than his brief span of life permits. He wishes to see the universe as it existed before man was, as it will be after the last man has passed again into the darkness from which he came. The wish does not originate solely in mere intellectual curiosity, in the desire to see over the next range of mountains, the desire to attain a summit commanding a wide view, even if it be only of a promised land which he may never hope himself to enter; it has deeper roots and a more personal interest. Before he can understand himself, man must first understand the universe from which all his sense per-

ceptions are drawn. He wishes to explore the universe, both in space and time, because he himself forms part of it, and it forms part of him.

We may well admit that science cannot at present hope to say anything final on the questions of human existence and human destiny, but this is no justification for not becoming acquainted with the best that it has to offer. It is rare indeed for science to give a final 'Yes' or 'No' answer to any question propounded to her. When we are able to put a question in such a definite form that either of these answers could be given in reply, we are generally already in a position to supply the answer ourselves. Science advances rather by providing a succession of approximations to the truth, each more accurate than the last, but each capable of endless degrees of higher accuracy. To the question, 'where does man stand in the universe?' the first attempt at an answer, at any rate in recent times, was provided by the astronomy of Ptolemy: 'at the centre'. Galileo's telescope provided the next, and incomparably better, approximation: 'man's home in space is only one of a number of small bodies revolving round a huge central sun.' Nineteenth-century astronomy swung the pendulum still further in the same direction, saying: 'there are millions of stars in the sky, each similar to our sun, each doubtless surrounded, like our sun, by a family of planets on which life may be kept in being by the light and heat received from its sun.' Twentieth-century

astronomy suggests, as we shall see, that the nineteenth century had swung the pendulum too far; life now seems to be more of a rarity than our fathers thought, or would have thought if they had given free play to their intellects.

We are setting out to explain the approximation to the truth provided by twentieth-century astronomy. No doubt it is not the final truth, but it is a step on towards it, and unless we are greatly in error it is very much nearer to the truth than was the teaching of nineteenth-century astronomy. It claims to be nearer the truth, not because the twentieth-century astronomer claims to be better at guessing than his predecessors of the nineteenth century, but because he has incomparably more facts at his disposal. Guessing has gone out of fashion in science; it was at best a poor substitute for knowledge, and modern science, eschewing guessing severely, confines itself, except on very rare occasions, to ascertained facts and the inferences which, so far as can be seen, follow unequivocally from them.

It would of course be futile to pretend that the whole interest of astronomy centres round the questions just mentioned. Astronomy offers at least three other groups of interest which may be described as utilitarian, scientific and æsthetic.

At first astronomy, like other sciences, was studied for mainly utilitarian reasons. It provided measures of time, and enabled mankind to keep a tally on the

flight of the seasons; it taught him to find his way across the trackless desert, and later, across the trackless ocean. In the guise of astrology, it held out hopes of telling him his future. There was nothing intrinsically absurd in this, for even today the astronomer is largely occupied with foretelling the future movements of the heavenly bodies, although not of human affairs—a considerable part of the present book will consist of an attempt to foretell the future, and predict the final end, of the material universe. Where the astrologers went wrong was in supposing that terrestrial empires, kings and individuals formed such important items in the scheme of the universe that the motions of the heavenly bodies could be intimately bound up with their fates. As soon as man began to realize, even faintly, his own insignificance in the universe, astrology died a natural and inevitable death.

The utilitarian aspect of astronomy has by now shrunk to very modest proportions. The national observatories still broadcast the time of day, and help to guide ships across the ocean, but the centre of astronomical interest has shifted so completely that the remotest of nebulae arouse incomparably more enthusiasm than 'clock-stars', and the average astronomer totally neglects our nearest neighbours in space, the planets, for stars so distant that their light takes hundreds, thousands, or even millions, of years to reach us.

Recently, astronomy has acquired a new scientific

interest through establishing its position as an integral part of the general body of science. The various sciences can no longer be treated as distinct; scientific discovery advances along a continuous front which extends unbroken from electrons of a fraction of a millionth of a millionth of an inch in diameter, to nebulae whose diameters are measured in hundreds of thousands of millions of millions of miles. A gain of astronomical knowledge may add to our knowledge of physics and chemistry, and vice versa. The stars have long ago ceased to be treated as mere points of light. Each is now regarded as an experiment on a heroic scale, a high temperature crucible in which nature herself operates with ranges of temperature and pressure far beyond those available in our laboratories, and permits us to watch the results. In so doing, we may happen upon properties of matter which have eluded the terrestrial physicist, owing to the small range of physical conditions at his command. For instance matter exists in nebulae with a density at least a million times lower than anything we can approach on earth, and in certain stars at a density nearly a million times greater. How can we expect to understand the whole nature of matter from laboratory experiments in which we can command only one part in a million million of the whole range of density known to nature?

Even more recently, astronomy has become of direct importance to philosophy through the light it has shed on the metaphysical concepts of space and time. It

has provided weighty evidence in support of the central doctrine of the theory of relativity—that space and time form a single indissoluble whole. Indeed, whatever may have been the case with the world of professional scientists, it was the results obtained by astronomers at the eclipse of 1919 which first focussed general interest on the theory of relativity, and thus led to our present understanding of the relations between time and space. The even more recent evidence as to the possible expansion of space itself may be found to contain a new and still more profound message as to the meaning of our fundamental metaphysical concepts.

Yet for each one who feels the purely scientific appeal of astronomy, there are probably a dozen who are attracted by its æsthetic appeal. Many even of those who seek after knowledge for its own sake, driven by that intellectual curiosity which provides the fundamental distinction between themselves and the beasts, find their main interest in astronomy, as the most poetical and the most æsthetically gratifying of the sciences. They want to exercise their faculties and imaginations on something remote from everyday trivialities, to find an occasional respite from ‘the long littleness of life’, and they satisfy their desires in contemplating the serene immensities of the outer universe. To many, astronomy provides something of the vision without which the people perish.

IX. ABOUT SODA WATER; ABOUT KEEPING COOL

By E. E. SLOSSON

From Chats on Science

ALL the fun of discoveries and wonderful new ideas seem to be with the scientists today. Long ago, we sat at the feet of story-tellers to hear of marvels; now, we listen to scientists. Not all scientists, for many of them speak a language we cannot understand and of ideas we have not the training to grasp. But there are many scientists writing now who like to pass on new scientific ideas to ordinary people, among them this American writer. He has the gift of simplifying ideas and of getting us to think scientifically by talking about everyday things like hot weather and soda water.

ABOUT SODA WATER

WHEN you are hot and tired from a long walk you naturally drop into the nearest drug-store and take a seat on the wire-legged stool before the marble monument and say to the young man in the apron, 'Plain soda, please.' Natural enough it is. But funny when you think of it. For what you are paying for is the very thing that you are most anxious to get rid of. What you suck in through the straw is just what you expel with every panting breath.

For soda water does not contain soda. This is one of those misbrandings that the law allows because it can't stop its use. It is a hang-over word, like 'sardines' that never saw Sardinia and 'bologna' that does not come from Italy.

Soda water used to be made from baking-soda by the action of some acid that releases the desired gas. Then limestone was substituted for soda because it was cheaper and just as good. But the thirst of young America seemed likely to melt away mountains of marble, and so it is now customary to catch and compress the gas that escapes from soda springs or from the fermenting vats of beer or near-beer or from the combustion of coal.

What soda water is composed of you may see for yourself if you watch your glass as it stands on the table after you have slaked your first thirst. You will see that it is separating into two different things, a liquid and a gas. The liquid is plain water as you will find out if you are too slow about drinking. The other is a heavy gas that slips up through the water in little bubbles and collects in the empty half of the tumbler. This gas is as invisible as air, but you can prove that it is not air by striking one of the matches on the table before you and plunging it into the upper part of the glass. You will see that the light will be put out before it reaches the water. The gas is so heavy that you can fairly drink it from the glass, and it has, as you know, a tingle-tangle taste. It is also slightly sour,

or, as the chemist would call it, a weak acid. 'Carbonic acid' is the old name for it, but it is more correct to name it, when it is out of the water, 'carbon dioxide'.

Into these two things then, water and carbon dioxide, your plain soda dissolves before your eyes. The remarkable thing about it is that all living beings are dissolving into these same two things, also before your eyes, though you do not see it.

Every plant from the yeast to the pine, every animal from a midge to a man, is continually being converted into water and carbon dioxide and passing off in a gaseous form.

While you are musing over it, your glass of soda water is slowly evaporating. So are you. And into the same elements. You can prove this without leaving your chair. Wipe one side of the tumbler dry with your paper napkin and breathe against the cold glass. There is the dew into which you are dissolving.

The other product of your internal combustion, carbon dioxide, you can identify if you will ask the clerk in the chemist's shop to pour you out a glass of lime water. Stick your straw into it but blow instead of sucking. You will see the water turn milky—a common trick of the amateur magician and a proof of the presence of carbon dioxide. This white sediment is the same substance as the original limestone from which the carbon dioxide may have been derived.

You are therefore gradually becoming gasified, and the end-products of your life-reaction are water and

carbon dioxide. We may measure your vitality by weighing these products of your activity. If you are leading the sedentary life, your output of soda water will be low. If you are leading the strenuous life, it will be high.

When you are working hard, say sawing wood or riding a bicycle uphill, you may be exhaling as much as five ounces of carbon dioxide in an hour. When you are sitting still you are exhaling about an ounce.

Food and fuel, the source of animate and inanimate energy, whatever runs our engines or our bodies, all turn out as soda water in the end. The furnace cannot consume its own smoke in the place of fresh fuel. We must turn over this useless product, soda water, to the green leaves ; for they, under the stimulus of sunshine, have the power to reverse this reaction, to release the oxygen again to the air, and to store up the carbon and hydrogen as food or fuel. In this form they are once more at the disposal of man to furnish him strength to do his work.

So that Yankee ingenuity has converted this waste product of all life into a reinvigorator.

This glass of plain soda is not so plain as it seems at first sight. There is more to be got out of it than the man at the fountain put into it.

Why does the gas escape from the liquid? Because the liquid has more gas than it has a legal right to hold. There are two laws regulating this matter. One says that the higher the temperature the less the gas that

can be dissolved in a liquid. Your glass of water can hold easily two glassfuls of carbon dioxide when it is ice-cold but only one glassful at the temperature of the room. Since the soda water as it stands is warming, it must give off half of its gas.

The other law is that the greater the pressure the more gas will be dissolved in a given quantity of water. Under ordinary conditions a pint of water will hold about a pint of gas. Making the pressure four times as great, it will dissolve four pints. The reason why soda water is so nice is because you get more for your money than you think you are getting. If you pay a nickel for a pint you get five pints of fluid—only a cent a pint. It is consequently very filling and satisfying to the thirsty soul, who, like all human beings, wants so much more than he can hold.

The imprisoned gas, when the pressure is removed by the pulling of a cork or the running from the fountain, tries to escape, and it is very interesting to watch its struggles in your glass. The gas that is dissolved in the water at the surface can go right off into the air, but that which is down deeper has a harder time. The little individual bubbles clinging to the side and bottom are too weak individually to push their way through the water to the top. Then the era of combination begins. Several little bubbles join together and form a syndicate. This draws to it all the little bubbles near it and absorbs them. Some of the bubbles you will see trying to preserve a quasi-

independence as they cling together, but the filmy partition finally breaks. The trust is formed and soars upward, growing as it goes. There are two reasons why it gets bigger as it rises through the water: one is that the pressure gets less, as with a balloon in the air, and the other is that the gas in the water through which it passes can escape into it as easily as from the surface above.

‘Unto him that hath shall be given,’ is also a physical law. As the bubble gets bigger the pressure holding it in gets weaker, just as when you blow up a circus balloon or one of those inflating squawkers that the children have. You have to blow hard at first, but as the rubber film expands it becomes weaker, and you have to look out or you will burst it with your breath. Now, the bubble of gas in the water is held together by just such an elastic film. You used to call this force ‘capillary attraction’, but you must say ‘surface tension’ or ‘interfacial energy’ nowadays, or else your children will laugh at you.

As the bubbles get bigger, then, the surface tension gets weaker, because it is less arched. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. All scientific laws should be good rules. Conversely, then, let us say, that the smaller the bubble the greater the force necessary to expand it. That is all right for a way, but if you work it back mathematically to its extreme limit you will reach the absurd conclusion that no bubble can have ever been begun. Or to put it in another way, if

the bubble is next to nothing in size it will be next to impossible to start it. The scientists, however, are not at all embarrassed by such a reduction to absurdity. If a law does not go their way they part company with it without a pang. In this case they simply say the rule does not apply to infinitesimal bubbles, which is obviously true.

But you can see for yourself that, even if it is not impossible, it is very difficult for a bubble to get a start in life. The bubbles begin on the sides and bottom of the glass where there is some little irregularity in the surface to give them a chance. If there is a little scratch made by careless scouring of the glass you will find them lined up along that. A glass with a perfectly smooth, even surface will retain the gas much longer. Champagne glasses have a deep, hollow stem from which the bubbles stream up for a long time, so that the liquor will keep 'alive' longer. Stir your soda with a straw and see the bubbles rise.

If you don't want the big trust bubbles to rise to the top and escape with their accumulations, thicken the water with some sugar syrup from the other faucet of the fountain, and then the bubbles will accumulate on top in a rosy mass of foam and froth, very pretty, but not good for anything.

But this philosophizing makes one thirsty. Our soda water is getting stale from standing. All the life is going into the foam. Blow it off and drink.

ABOUT KEEPING COOL

The problem of hot weather is not, as some folks seem to think, how to keep the heat out.

It is how to get the heat out.

The body temperature sticks pretty close to the normal point of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, and unless the air temperature gets above that we do not take in heat from the air.

For heat, like water, runs downhill. It passes from a higher to a lower temperature. The steeper the grade the faster the flow. That is where the difficulty comes in. For we have to keep our internal temperature at the normal point, whatever it may be outside, and there are only a thin skin and some clothes between. When the weather is cold we have no trouble in getting rid of the heat we produce from the food we eat, for it runs off rapidly, so rapidly that we have to put on more clothes to check it. But as the air temperature rises nearer to that of our own the current of escaping heat slows up and finally sets back if the temperature goes over 99.

We shut down the furnace in our houses when winter goes. But we cannot shut down the furnace inside of us, because the works would stop. Our internal furnace serves as a power-house as well as a heater. We have to keep the engine going night and day, and that requires a certain amount of fuel, though of course

we do not need so much in summer-time as when we have the heating-plant on too.

A man who is not doing much, 'just up and about,' will have to have 2400 calories of food a day. If he is working, he will need 500 or 1000 more. So even if he lives in idleness he has to get rid of heat at the rate of 100 calories an hour on the average, which is about as much heat as is given off by four ordinary electric lights.

Now, this heat can be got rid of in two ways: it can run away or be carried away.

It will run away if the temperature of the surrounding air is enough lower than the body and there is not too much cloth between.

It can be carried away by water. Water can carry more heat without showing it than anything else in the world. A quart of water will take in a calory of heat and only show a rise of less than two degrees Fahrenheit. When a quart of water evaporates it carries off about 500 calories. If, then, you sweat a quart this is the quantity of heat you are getting rid of, provided the perspiration evaporates from the skin. Here is the difficulty. If the air holds already all the water it can take up, then you cannot get the benefit of the absorption of heat through evaporation. So when the air is saturated with moisture, or, as the weather man puts it, when the humidity is 100, then you say 'this is muggy weather', and you complain

that the heat is intolerable even though the thermometer does not stand high.

Your own internal thermometer, your sense of temperature, only registers loss and gain. You feel warm when you are gaining heat. You feel cool when you are losing heat. You can lose heat by radiation only when the air is cooler than your skin. You can lose heat by evaporation only when the air is drier than your skin.

Remember, it is only the layer next to your skin that counts. If the air there has a temperature of 99 degrees and a humidity of 100 per cent, then you cannot get cool either way. In that case you must drive away the layer of hot moist air and let some that is drier and cooler get at your skin, which you can do by means of a breeze, or, in default of that, a fan.

X. ABOUT BIRDS

BY W. H. HUDSON

From A Hind in Richmond Park

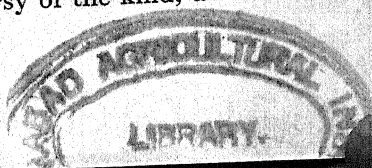
THE speed with which vultures appear whenever carrion is exposed is astonishing. I remember once timing their arrival. The sky was empty so far as I could see when the carrion was exposed. Five minutes later more than twenty vultures were around it. Hudson seeks to explain this. His stories about crows are of a kind very familiar to English readers to whom the 'hooded raven' is the familiar bird of ill omen. Hudson was a most painstaking writer and his simplicity is the result of much care and rewriting. Like all good writers he uses only necessary words and he puts them together so that each becomes vivid with meaning.

So far I have said nothing about the sense of smell in birds; there is, indeed, little to say. Birds have the olfactory nerves, inherited from the reptiles, and the passages are mere slits in the horny beak, which they have in place of hands, and which serves them also as an implement, or rather as a whole box of tools—spear, hatchet, scraper, wedge, awl, spade or pickaxe, knife and fork and spoon. The anatomical ornithologists say that we know little about the smelling nerves of birds, except that they are degenerated and feeble compared

with those of other animals, also that some birds have quite lost the sense. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider the extraordinary development of vision in the bird—that the bird *lives* in his sense of sight as the dog, mole, and rat live in the sense of smell. The growth of one sense has caused the decay of the other. This at all events is the present view of the matter, but during the first three or four decades of the nineteenth century the question was discussed in the journals with all the fury proper to that early period, when passions were stronger and ‘language’ more free than with us, and when if one naturalist differed from another about sight and smell in birds, he was frankly told that he was a fool if not something worse.

We smile at the chief argument of the smellists of those Waterton, Swainson and Audubon days: that when an animal died or was slain in the wilderness and stripped of its hide by the hunters, the effluvia emanating from it instantly flew abroad all over the land and rose also to a vast height in the sky, the result being that vultures would soon appear as if by a miracle in scores and hundreds where not one had been previously visible. Sight, they held, could not be the cause, seeing that a dead beast in a forest would not be visible to the soaring birds, except perhaps to one or two that happened by a rare chance to be in that part of the sky directly above the spot.

As in many another controversy of the kind, all that



was wanted here was observation of the birds themselves by some field naturalist; this in due time was provided.

An interesting bird is this vulture in the two strangely contrasted aspects in which he appears to us: as the loathsome feathered scavenger in the one and the sublime heavenward soarer in the other, he might serve as an emblem of man in his double nature—the gross or earthly and the angelic. An ugly and disgusting creature as we are accustomed to see him in repose, gorged with carrion and dead drunk with ptomaines, his bald, warty head drawn down in between his huge projecting shoulders, his naked crop protruding, and his great wings like two frayed and rusty black cloaks thrown loosely round him. Then, when he has slept off the effects of his disgusting meal, he shakes himself, and the loose ragged cloaks are transformed to a pair of great outspread wings, which lift him from the earth and in ever widening circles bear him upwards, higher and higher still, until the vision can no longer follow him, or else he remains as a speck no bigger than a house-fly, still serenely floating in wide circles in the vast blue void. And at that height, far above the smells of earth, he will continue floating for long hours. He dwells on the air at that height because it is the proper height for him, the one which gives the fullest play to his faculties, to his vision, and the mind at the back of it. Invisible himself at that altitude, he can distinctly discern the objects it is to his advantage to see, the

dead or dying or distressed animal, even as the gannet flying at a height of three hundred feet can discern a fish swimming at a depth of two or three feet or more beneath the surface of the sea, or as the wind-hover flying at a height of a hundred and fifty feet can see a field-mouse in the grass and herbage. The mousing hawk's vision is even more brilliant than this. In July and August he takes to feeding on grasshoppers, and from the same height as in mousing he can detect the insect, notwithstanding its smallness and assimilative colouring in the yellowing grass.

When the vulture has seen the thing he has been looking for, he drops down, aslant or in circles, out of the sky, and his action is seen by some other vulture or by more than one, a mile or two away, and they know what the action means and follow suit. And the action of these last is seen by still other vultures further away, and so on progressively until all the vultures engaged in quartering the earth over an area of a hundred square miles may be brought down to one spot in the space of thirty or forty minutes. Hence the strange phenomenon, the suddenly formed congregation of vultures where not one had been previously seen, dropping out of the void air as if by a miracle.

We now know from our airmen that scent particles do not rise far. One who has investigated the subject—J. M. Bacon—writes: 'I can affirm that all the smoke of London is unnoticeable only a quarter of a

mile in the sky, even in mid-winter when every chimney is doing its worst.'

Marvellous as is the sight in birds as compared with that of other animals, it appears probable that in some genera the sense of smell has not decayed as in the majority. I have never been able to find out the truth about the old notion regarding the pigeon's love of fragrant smells. This belief has actually led to actions at law brought by a man against his neighbour for having robbed him of his pigeons by attracting them to a new dovecot by that means. It is a question which might be settled by experiment.

I am convinced that the true crows, represented in our country by the raven, carrion and hooded crows, the rook and daw, have a keen sense of smell. They too are carrion-eaters, but have not the long sight and soaring powers of the vulture; they fly low, and it may be that smell is a help to them in their quest for animal food. Where ravens are abundant, it is common knowledge among shepherds that the sight of a raven hovering over the flock is a sign that a sheep is sick and will probably die. The effluvium of the sick animal, which is not unlike that of a dead animal, has attracted the bird. A number of daws have been observed hovering over the water at one spot and returning day after day to repeat the action, although nothing to attract them appeared on the surface; but after several days it was discovered that the body of a drowned animal in a semi-decomposed state was lying

at the bottom at that place. The smell from the water had attracted them. The very old and universal idea that the raven is a bird of ill omen and will hover over the house before the death of an inmate is, I believe, founded on a common habit of the bird. A sick man in the house will attract him as readily as a sick sheep in the fold out on the moor. And it is the same with the carrion crow.

I have the following remarkable case from a friend, a well-known literary man. He was down with typhoid fever, sick unto death, as the doctor and his people imagined, and when at the worst the house where he was lying was haunted for a whole day by a pair of carrion crows from a neighbouring pine-wood, where they were accustomed to breed. These crows had never shown themselves at or near the house before, but on that day they were constantly flying round and hovering over the house and alighting on the roof, uttering their raucous cries and apparently in a great state of excitement.

The people of the house were terribly upset about the way the birds went on: they are a people very free from anything like superstition, and yet for the life of them they could not quite shake the uncanny feeling off. My friend himself, when on recovering he was told of these happenings, thought it all very mysterious. Nor, when he consulted me about the matter, as one with some knowledge of bird psychology, did he find my explanation quite pleasing to him. He

did not like to think that he had been like *that*, in the Lazarus state, not all of him dead but a good deal of him dead, and in such a condition as to excite the ravenous appetite of a crow.

The rook, too, is in some degree a supernatural or an uncanny bird, or a bird that appears to know more than a bird ought to know, and he sometimes behaves in a mysterious way. He is also a true crow in spite of his second nature—the desire to appear respectable which makes him shave his face and live the social life. My friend the late H. A. Paynter of Alnwick, a well-known Northumbrian and a good field naturalist, gave me a striking instance of the carrion crow coming out in the rook. My friend had a horse which died, and wishing to preserve the hide, he had the dead beast drawn up by ropes attached to the hind legs and hung on the branches of a big tree. In that position it was skinned and the carcass left hanging to be disposed of later; but the rooks, extremely abundant in the neighbourhood, were quickly attracted in numbers to it, and before the day was out they were in hundreds, circling like a black cloud round the tree and clinging like a swarm of bees to the carcass, all fighting with one another for a place, screaming with excitement and tearing at the flesh. He said it was a most extraordinary spectacle; it fascinated him; he watched it by the hour and would not allow the carcass to be taken down. The next day the birds returned in greater

numbers and continued their sanguinary feast until nothing but the suspended skeleton remained.

This incident throws no light on the question of scent; I have related it just to show the rook as a crow, and as an introduction to another incident—one of the uncanny sort.

This case too is given at second hand, nor was it actually witnessed by my friend and informant himself; but I have every faith in him; he is a naturalist, a worker now in marine biology, and was staying at the time in Essex, close to where it happened; he had a full account of it from those who witnessed the scene, and was much impressed in his mind about it.

It happened at a manor-house in Essex with an old and populous rookery on a group of elm trees near the dwelling. The squire, an old man, was dying, and on the day of his death the birds all at once rose up with excited cawings and came streaming down to the house to hover in a dense crowd before the windows of the sick man's room, beating on the windows with their wings, and screaming as if they had gone mad. Naturally their action had a disturbing and even terrifying effect on the inmates, and its uncanny significance was increased when the birds rose up and rushed away as if in terror, and when it was found that they had abandoned the rookery; for they never came back to it.

Many a naturalist would no doubt say of this rook story that he had heard stories like that before, and

decline to believe it; and his reason for disbelieving it would be the same as that of the scientist, or psychologist, for refusing to believe in telepathy—*because it is impossible*, or, in other words, because it is inexplicable, which means only that it has not yet been explained. It would not, however, be difficult to find an explanation of the rooks' action in this case when we consider the habits, the instincts, active and dormant, of the bird, and of his nearest corvine relations; for we have seen that the rook is a carrion crow in disguise, even as the crow itself is a lesser raven. I take it that, as in the case of the carrion crow hovering about my friend's house when he was lying at death's door, the effluvium from the sick-room excited them to that crazy pitch; also that it may have been the example of a single bird in the community, one that was more a carrion crow than his fellows, that first set them off; for we know that it is with birds and beasts as with men, that a crazy impulse of one in the crowd will sometimes make the whole crowd crazy.

XI. ABOUT MACHINES AND MEN

By G. D. H. COLE

From *The Intelligent Man's Guide through
World Chaos*

IN this passage we are faced with the biggest and most urgent problem mankind will have to try to solve in our lifetimes. The problem is stated at the end, and before that we have the story of how machines have gradually taken the place of human labour. This has not happened in India yet, but the world is now so small that India is very much concerned with this development of machinery. During our lives this will be the great problem for our statesmen to solve—that while the machines man has invented can produce enough food and clothing for the whole world, no one has discovered a way of distributing this wealth.

WHEN power-driven machinery was first introduced its advance was, by any modern standard, extraordinarily slow and hesitant. Watt's steam engine, on which the material progress of the nineteenth century was largely based, achieved no speedy triumph. Even in Great Britain its use spread but slowly for a long time; and fifty years after its introduction there were still plenty of industries and processes which it had invaded hardly at all. In other countries its progress was slower still. It did not conquer the greater part of

the textile industry of either France or Germany until well after the middle of the nineteenth century; and in every industry and country it made its way piecemeal and by painful stages in face of the strong resistance of employers as well as workers to the abandonment of traditional crafts and methods of production.

Nevertheless, as the nineteenth century advanced, the pace of mechanical change grew much more rapid. For, when the transition to a productive system based on mechanical power had once been made, the improvement of machines and the devising of new methods of production were bound to proceed at an increasing rate. One invention led to another; and manufacturers, eager to reduce their costs of production, had to be constantly on the look-out for new devices. Moreover, as the workers became organized and able to insist on higher wages and better conditions of employment, employers were driven to seek new ways of getting good value for their money by making the dearer labour more productive, or reducing the quantity of it which they used by finding machines to do work previously done by men's hands or physical strength. Competition between employers and between countries to cut down costs and the desire to reduce prices in order to sell more goods led to a growingly rapid advance in mechanization; for it is soon discovered that for many kinds of goods huge economies can be achieved by producing on a larger scale as well as by combining to buy materials in greater quantities

and to organize sales over the widest possible market. The scale of production grows larger, and the scale of business enterprise larger still. Capital is aggregated into greater masses; and the new means which are devised in order to promote the aggregation of capital—through the joint stock system—make possible the provision of more and more extensive assemblages of plant and machinery. Mechanization moves on faster and faster towards a goal that seems to be nothing less than the complete elimination of man's physical strength as a factor in the productive process. 'From coal heaving to button pressing' seems to sum up the industrial odyssey of the modern world.

The Limits of Human Strength Removed. In this swiftly advancing mechanization of industry there are three distinct, though closely related, ways in which human labour is being transformed and replaced by the development of mechanical power. In the first place the limits set to productive capacity by the physical strength of the individual have been almost completely transcended. The weight that a machine can lift or the pressure that it can apply bears no relation at all to the physical strength, individual or collective, of those who manipulate its levers. A modern drop-hammer or mechanical crane is not merely a substitute for human energy: it is an individual force which no amount of such energy—not even the massed human strength that built the pyramids—could supply. As technique improves, this new force can be applied

on an ever-increasing scale. It is the very foundation on which modern methods of production in the heavy constructional industries have been built up.

The Supersession of Skill. Secondly the machine serves as a substitute for the skill and dexterity of the human worker. It carries out automatically and with a constantly improving accuracy countless jobs which had previously to be done by repetition workers whom only long practice could make perfect. By this means the required period of training for work of this type is immensely shortened, and unskilled labour becomes far more readily interchangeable from one mechanical task to another. At the same time, as machines grow more delicate and complicated, they can be used more and more to replace not merely human dexterity but the superior and more painfully acquired skill of the trained craftsman. For example, in the making of machines improvements in the processes of casting iron have eliminated a large part of the old skill not only of moulders in sand and pattern makers in wood but also of fitters and turners in the later processes of machining and adjustment. Skilled labour does not cease to be needed—indeed in some branches of engineering work, such as tool making, and the repairing of machinery, there may be a call for even higher skill than before. But in every highly mechanized industry the proportion of highly skilled work to the total volume of employment is being greatly and swiftly diminished. Nor is the machine

content to stop short at the processes of production. It invades the office and the counting house as well. The typewriter and the calculating machine have revolutionized the work of the clerical and administrative departments of modern business; and even the private home—last resort of the old manual drudgery—can be revolutionized as well as soon as the supply of domestic servants and the unpaid labour of working-class housewives ceases to be available.

It is true, on the other hand, that the new machines have often called into being new types of skill, and have sometimes resulted in replacing unskilled by skilled labour. The coming of modern mechanical engineering destroyed the traditional craft of the millwrights, who made the old machines out of wood; but it created the new skilled crafts of turning, fitting, drop-hammer forging and a host of others. Again, the coming of the factory system in the spinning of textile yarns replaced the 'domestic' workers of the old hand spinning processes by the highly skilled mule spinners of the nineteenth century. But in more modern times mule spinning has been giving place to the far less skilled process of ring spinning; and the skilled work of fitters and turners is being more and more taken over by standardized casting and forging and by automatic and semi-automatic machining processes. The nineteenth century to a great extent created new skilled crafts in place of those which it destroyed. The twentieth

century is going much further towards the transference of skill from the worker to the machine.

The Displacement of Labour. Thirdly, modern machinery not only dispenses more and more with the need for either physical strength or manual skill, but also goes further towards the positive displacement of labour. If a machine can be made as skilful as a man and as powerful as the combined labour of many men, the number of workers required for putting a given quantity of energy in motion can be reduced to a mere fraction of what it used to be. Anyone who visits, for example, a modern flour mill will see how far this sheer elimination of labour can be pushed in an industry readily amenable to mechanization.

Bring the grain alongside the wharf in the ship that has carried it from overseas. Stick a long pipe, equipped with powerful suction, into the ship's hold and with it suck the grain up to the top storey of the mill. Have the mill filled with automatic machines which separate, grind, sort and grade the grain, now becoming flour, as it descends automatically from floor to floor, until it is packed automatically into sacks and dropped into lorries which will bear it away to wherever it is wanted. In all this sequence of processes no human hand need touch the grain or even the machines that are at work upon it. There is no labour at all left save that of a few crane-men, a few mechanics to oil the machines and keep them in order, and perhaps a worker or two with broom and swab, looking strangely out of

place, to keep the mill swept and garnished. This is an extreme instance; but it is the end towards which all mechanized industry seems to be moving by an irresistible momentum. To replace and amplify man's physical strength, to replace and improve upon man's manual skill—these are not enough. The end of industrialism is to make the worker a merely incidental and rarer and rarer attendant upon the machine.

In the latest development of industrialism the emphasis has been more and more upon this absolute displacement of labour. Indeed, the stronger working-class organization and the working-class demand for higher wages and better conditions become, the greater grows the pressure upon the employer to dispense with labour and use machinery instead. While unskilled labour was cheap, emphasis was laid largely on enabling unskilled men and women to do skilled men's work—as it is still in India and China. But in America and Western Europe industrialism has passed beyond that stage. For there are no longer any dirt-cheap reserves of helpless and unorganized workers to be exploited; and both skill and wages are relatively high. In these circumstances the obvious way of lowering costs is to get rid of labour altogether, or at least to use far less of it; and especially in America and Germany this form of rationalization has been pushed of late to astonishing lengths.

The revolution in the relation between human labour and production has, however, by no means been

confined to manufacturing industry. As the nineteenth century advanced, the conditions of world agriculture were no less revolutionized by the opening up of the New World. The new phase was marked at first not so much by improved methods of cultivation or stock breeding as by the utterly changed conditions for the transport of agricultural produce. Railroads opened up the interior of great continents in America and Australasia; and with every decade steamships brought the new supplies of grain and other produce more cheaply and in rapidly growing quantities to the old world from the new. Wheat came first; but from the 'seventies, with the introduction of refrigeration, the ranches of America and Australia were able to supply the old world with a growing proportion of its meat as well. Great Britain as the richest country, with the best and cheapest manufactures to offer in exchange for food, became the principal market for the agriculture of the New World; and under her free trade system her own agriculture was gradually contracted and a new movement of rural depopulation, which found its outlet in emigration to the New World as well as migration to the factory towns, set in. In terms of product per acre the new prairie lands could not compare with the highly farmed agricultural lands of Europe; but in cheapness the virgin soils of the New World had the advantage, and low farming with little labour paid best where men were few and land cheap. The conditions of agriculture in the new countries

thus gave an impetus to mechanization. The farm tractor, the mechanical reaper-binder, and the other power-driven instruments of modern large-scale agriculture became the characteristic tools of the prairie farmer. Farming in the new areas also gave a stimulus to scientific advance in the selection of varieties of grain and stock that would thrive under various climatic conditions, and in the fight against insects, pests and diseases of plants and animals in every part of the world. Scientific research greatly increased the yield of cultivation, improved the weight and quality of stock, and enabled goods to be transported long distances with less and less deterioration. It improved the quality and yield of wool, devised uses for waste products such as offals, and guided agriculture in supplying the needs of industry for new types of produce. Again and again it was prophesied that agricultural prices were bound to rise in relation to the prices of industrial goods, because agriculture could not possibly emulate the mass-production methods of modern industry. But this did not happen: indeed on the whole the tendency was the other way. Over the past century the revolution in agriculture has fallen no whit short of the revolution in industry. The 'law of diminishing returns'—that constant terror of the economists and politicians of the early nineteenth century—is further off than ever it was from starving the human race. The world is complaining today not of a shortage but of a glut of agricultural goods, despite

the survival over a large part of its surface of peasant cultivation at a very low standard of efficiency; and Russia with her gigantic plan for the collectivization of the whole of her immense countryside promises within a few years a further huge increase in the world's supply of agricultural produce. Not that the world ought to be in any fear of a glut of food; for there are still among its inhabitants hundreds of millions who have far too little to eat.

The Growth of Specialist Agriculture. The newest agricultural methods tend, however, equally with the newest methods in industry, to the displacement of human labour in the raising of staple crops; and this is especially true in some of the older countries which are being driven back to less intensive farming methods in their endeavours to cut down costs. But this tendency is to some extent offset by the growth of specialist forms of agriculture, such as the raising of market garden produce, fruit, eggs and poultry by more intensive methods for the supply of the growing urban populations. The development of these types of agriculture, so successfully pursued in Denmark and Holland, depends on a continued rise in the world's standard of living; for the products of specialist agriculture belong largely to semi-luxury types. This ought not to stand in the way of their growth; for clearly the world can afford to consume as much as it is able to produce. But it does mean that the growth of specialist agriculture depends on the maintenance of

industrial prosperity. For if the industrialists cannot market their goods standards of living fall, and the demand for fruit, vegetables, eggs, poultry and almost all the more specialized kinds of farm produce is diminished. The maintenance of population in the rural areas has thus come to depend on the continued advance of industry; and a fall in industrial employment involves a contraction of rural employment as well.

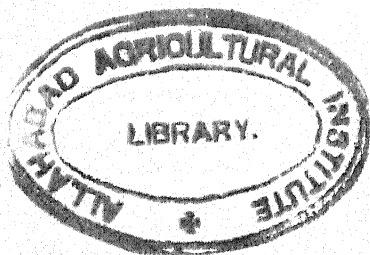
The Dilemma of Today. Taking the past century as a whole, economic advance has consisted above all in the steady decrease in the amount of labour needed to produce and deliver into the hands of the consumers a given quantity of goods. This tendency alone has made possible the great rise in the standard of living in every country which has adopted the new methods of production; and it is wholly good as long as it is so applied as to achieve this result. Throughout the century between the Napoleonic Wars and the Great War of 1914 it did, on the whole, work out in this way, although there was from time to time serious friction in the transference of labour from old to new types of employment, and certain bodies of workers, such as the handloom weavers, were left derelict by the process of industrial change. On the whole it was possible to use increased productivity for the improvement of the standard of living, partly because the changes in industry, swift as they appeared to our ancestors, were in fact far more gradual than similar changes are

today, but still more because the rapidly expanding world market enabled the advanced countries to increase their production for export, and because this foreign demand was further stimulated by the growing export of capital to the less developed areas. But of late the export of capital has suffered a check, and world demand has failed to keep pace with the expansion of productive capacity; whereas the displacement of labour through mechanization has been going on faster than ever. There has therefore arisen an apparent deficiency of consuming power in relation to the capacity of the productive system; and the world's most pressing problem has come to be, not a further increase of the power to produce, but the devising of means for the full use of the productive resources already at hand. This problem has become the more serious because the ~~various~~ countries, in their endeavours to find an outlet for their surplus goods, are seeking to expand their exports by cutting down their costs of production, and are in this way further decreasing consumption in their home markets. Nor can they easily avoid doing this; for, if other countries do it and they do not, they are in danger of losing their export trade, and therewith the power to buy even necessary imports. But, the more they do it, the more unemployment increases over the world as a whole; for the chief means of reducing costs nowadays is the absolute displacement of human labour. It may seem to the technician as if the manual worker were becoming

more and more superfluous as an agent of production ; but if he is not allowed to produce how shall he be given the means to consume ? And unless he is allowed to consume, how shall the vast productivity of the modern economic system be successfully employed ?



ABOUT SOCIETY



XII. ABOUT THE WORLD AROUND US

By E. E. SLOSSON

From Chats on Science

WE are living in a new world today, of which the most outstanding feature is a great development in communications. It has thus become a very small world, and everybody knows about everybody else. What everybody has discovered is that everybody else is in a muddle and the answer to the whole world muddle is still a riddle. This little essay gives us an indication of our position. Every educated man wants to know this, but at the same time he realizes that his first concern is to live well in his own society. So the rest of this section deals with our daily problems in living well.

THE world we live in is a new world. Nobody ever lived in such a world before.

It is a bigger world because there are more people in it.

It is a smaller world because one can get around it quicker.

It is a more complex world because of the many new forces that have entered into it.

It is a simpler world to understand, for it has been more thoroughly studied and classified.

It is for the first time a known world, at least a

knowable world. Practically all parts of it have now been explored. Most parts of it have been accurately mapped. Now that Amundsen has visited the south pole and Peary has visited the north pole, no place on the globe's surface can be regarded as inaccessible.

We can now for the first time take stock of our resources and calculate our potentialities. We know just how much land we have at our disposal. We know that we will never have any more land. We know pretty well what this land will grow and what it will not grow. We know how much food and what kinds each individual needs. We can then figure out how many people the earth can support at any given standard of life.

We cannot see underground, but from looking at the edges of the strata where it is tipped up and from boring into it a mile or more in various places we can tell about how much coal and oil, iron and copper, potash and phosphate we have to go on and we know that we can never get any more when this runs out.

In this new world of ours there is no more free land. The open range has gone for ever. It is all staked out in private claims. Some flag floats over every bit of dry land. The last bit of No-Man's-Land left in the world, Spitzbergen, was appropriated during the late war. This means that if any nation is to get more land it must get it from some other nation.

There are many more nations than there were in the nineteenth century. Some twenty or more infant

independencies are struggling for existence. If we call the cradle-roll of the new-born nationalities we find them scattered from the Balkans to the Baltic, from Ireland to Azerbaijan, from Palestine to Vladivostok; all new and untried factors in the world's affairs.

War is new. It is fought with weapons hitherto unknown.

Commerce is new. Strange commodities are carried by novel channels of trade.

Finance is new. The old standard is lost, and no one knows which nations are bankrupt and which solvent.

Science is new. It is outgrowing its clothes, its old formulas and theories.

Consequently it is more difficult than ever to predict the future or to apply the lessons of the past.

The historian Seeley once remarked, 'When I hear a man say, "History teaches us," I say to myself that man is going to tell a lie, and he always does.'

History cannot help us much now because it is the history of another and very different world from ours. So many unknown quantities have been introduced into our present problem that it cannot be solved by the old rules.

XIII. ABOUT NEWSPAPERS

By H. G. WELLS

From The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind

HERE is a passage about newspapers by the most stimulating English writer of today, and it interests us because we know that newspapers will play a larger part every year in our national life. Mr Wells is concerned with the English newspaper, the morning daily with a circulation of a million copies and the evening paper with perhaps seven or eight editions from noon till eight at night. We in India have as yet no newspaper organization so complicated, but what he says here will help us to read our newspapers wisely. Now this is a most important duty in the daily life of the educated citizen. Nor is it an easy duty. Addison in his essay 'The Political Upholsterer' gives us a picture of the foolish type of newspaper-reader who believes all he sees in print. The good reader always uses his intelligence to sift truth from the mass of opinion his newspaper thrusts upon him.

No doubt the modern newspaper has found retailing the unimportant and exciting, more to its advantage than studiously balanced statement. But how far newspapers, even if they are conducted on absolutely mercenary lines, can venture to be trivial depends upon the general moral and intellectual atmosphere. Even our most tawdry and sensational prints retain the

affectation of a certain dignity. The common man may be a fool in a hurry, readier to laugh or marvel than learn, but he is not an absolute fool, he takes thought occasionally, and his apologists can point to a fairly steady improvement in the quality of the world's news service in the last hundred years. More and better news gets now to more people than it ever did before.

It would need a specialist who was a very subtle psychologist to expound all the mysteries and complications of a journalist's honour. But the most base, overbearing, energetic and subtle of newspaper proprietors will still find himself with intractable material between himself and the public he would hoodwink and control. And for the other side of the medal, the honest realization of his duties as well as his opportunities, is his sure and certain way to wealth, influence and the conspicuous and splendid service of mankind.

The second educational thing that the ordinary man gets from the ultra-scholastic educational influences of the time is a constant revision and extension of his general ideas. He need not go, as the Greek had to do, to the Agora to hear of some new thing; all about him is the Agora, the Forum. The increase of public discussion in the last decade or so is one of the most remarkable of contemporary phenomena. The character of the newspaper has changed completely with regard to opinion. There was a time when there was about as much free thinking in the columns of a

newspaper as there is in Little Bethel. The editor did the thinking, with his staff well under control; he told his readers what they thought about things, and if the strain became too great they changed their paper. If anyone objected to the pronouncements of the paper they could write a letter on the chance of its being printed, without pay, in the 'Correspondence'. But within the past quarter century, it dawned upon various newspaper directors that it would attract quite a number of the curious and arouse very little resentment among the faithful if they opened their columns to heterodox views, provided these were properly disavowed in an editorial note. This ventilation of opinion has developed very rapidly. It was a draw; it made the paper exciting in a new direction. The philosophers, religious teachers, radicals and scientific men were very reasonable about fees, and these debates cost far less than, for example, sending special correspondents and commissioners to investigate the latest murder. The usage was established very rapidly and now it would be difficult to abandon it. For the ordinary man wants to have his views discussed and reanimated just as he wants to know and to vivify his knowledge. The note of interrogation which is born in the nature of every human being has been released.

The newspaper changes continually. In the early nineteenth century, when printing was a comparatively primitive business, newspapers were largely the creation of 'great journalists', and their influence was

relatively much greater than their capital value. Their mentality was of more importance than their machinery. But they reached only to the middle class. The masses had no newspaper at all. Like every other social concern, the newspaper has experienced the 'change of scale' of our period. The change reached it late because it was first necessary that the elementary education of the working masses should prepare a public to justify large-scale production. That wider public only became effective in the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century. Then came, first the mechanization, and then the popularization of the 'new' newspaper. The mechanical advances that made the printing house of a modern newspaper a great factory of costly and beautiful machines, not simply printing but folding and counting and packing, made newspapers huge business enterprises demanding an immense initial outlay of capital. The traditions of the old type of journalist proprietor were all against a ready adaptation to the new requirements. Because of this the newspaper passed very largely into the hands and is still in the hands of highly individualized entrepreneurs, much more akin in their character to the ordinary financial adventurer than the older type of newspaper owner.

The contemporary press is a new thing and not a real continuation of the nineteenth-century press—even when old periodicals have been made over to the new methods. It is still very largely dominated by the

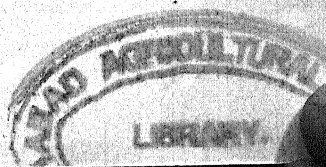
commercialized development of the peasant persona. It is in the first phase of industrialization. Its conscientiousness about the quality of its goods and the use of flavour, colour, diluents and substitutes is at about the same level as that of the jam trade noted in our chapter on Food. There the new press follows behind other great industrial organizations, such as the steel or chemical industry, which are for the most part passing from individual to group ownership and control, coming under the 'service' mentality of the official and paying a close regard to the quality and purity of their products.

Some great periodicals indeed are now owned and directed by special organizations; the *Christian Science Monitor*, the property of a sect, is a very attractive and trustworthy daily, and the *London Times* has become a quasi-public institution whose ownership is controlled by a body of trustees designed to save it from falling under merely profiteering influences. But these periodicals are exceptions to current conditions.

It is possible that a movement towards responsibility in the newspaper world may be developing behind the scenes similar to that which has made banking and insurance semi-official and public-minded. Much will certainly happen to change the newspaper in the days before us. If it becomes semi-official and responsible-minded, its trustworthiness may increase

at the expense of its liveliness, and it may cease either to discuss boldly or to entertain. There may be a definite split and distinction between the responsible papers we shall buy and trust and the irresponsible papers we shall buy to entertain, excite or irritate us. Or Opinion, after its present rush into the newspaper columns, may presently find the editors growing restrictive, interfering or stingy, and resort to the intermittent instead of the periodical press, to pamphlets and special periodicals. We want the news every morning, but it may be to the taste of many of us to have our arguments by the week or occasionally, for us to take up when we are so disposed. What concerns us here is whether the common man is likely to get as good news or better in the future than he does now and whether there is likely to be any diminution of his present free access to every sort of opinion about every possible subject. There is little or no indication of any reversal of the general advance in these matters.

In imaginative works about the future, the writers are apt to abolish the newspaper altogether and represent the news and so forth as being distributed entirely by wireless, cinemas and the like ultra-modern devices. But it may be doubted whether such contrivances will ever do more than act as supplements and stimulants to the reading of books and newspapers. For all these other things you must go to an appointed place or listen at an appointed time. You cannot choose your



programme or consider your own convenience. But the book and newspaper, with an almost canine fidelity, follow you meekly everywhere and brighten up when you turn to them, at any hour.

XIV. ABOUT READERS OF BOOKS

BY GEORGE GISSING

From The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft

Do not be too depressed by what the writer says here. He was old when he wrote this in the early years of our century, very learned and very disillusioned. You are young and in a country which as much as any other needs good readers. You can learn something about that from what he tells us here. For the habit of reading is growing every year in India and we should be careful about this privilege of being able to read and should see that we use it properly. Reading is the search for truth, a search which is not easy and is never-ending. Reading in a word is thinking, which involves effort and courage.

WERE one to look at the literary journals only, and thereafter judge of the time, it would be easy to persuade oneself that civilization had indeed made great and solid progress, and that the world stood at a very hopeful stage of enlightenment. Week after week, I glance over these pages of crowded advertisement; I see a great many publishing-houses zealously active in putting forth every kind of book, new and old; I see names innumerable of workers in every branch of literature. Much that is announced declares itself

at once of merely ephemeral import, or even of no import at all; but what masses of print which invite the attention of thoughtful or studious folk! To the multitude is offered a long succession of classic authors, in beautiful form, at a minimum cost; never were such treasures so cheaply and so gracefully set before all who can prize them. For the wealthy, there are volumes magnificent; lordly editions; works of art whereon have been lavished care and skill and expense incalculable. Here is exhibited the learning of the whole world and of all the ages; be a man's study what it will, in these columns, at one time or another he shall find that which appeals to him. Here are labours of the erudite, exercised on every subject that falls within learning's scope. Science brings forth its newest discoveries in earth and heaven; it speaks to the philosopher in his solitude, and to the crowd in the market-place. Curious pursuits of the mind at leisure are represented in publications numberless; trifles and oddities of intellectual savour; gatherings from every by-way of human interest. For other moods there are the fabulists; to tell truth, they commonly hold the place of honour in these varied lists. Who shall count them? Who shall calculate their readers? Builders of verse are many; yet the observer will note that contemporary poets have but an inconspicuous standing in this index of the public taste. Travel, on the other hand, is largely represented; the general appetite for information about lands remote

would appear to be only less keen than for the adventures of romance.

With these pages before one's eyes, must one not needs believe that things of the mind are a prime concern of our day? Who are the purchasers of these volumes ever pouring from the press? How is it possible for so great a commerce to flourish save as a consequence of national eagerness in this intellectual domain? Surely one must take for granted that throughout the land, in town and country, private libraries are growing apace; that by the people at large a great deal of time is devoted to reading; that literary ambition is one of the commonest spurs to effort.

It is the truth. All this may be said of contemporary England. But is it enough to set one's mind at ease regarding the outlook of our civilization? Two things must be remembered. However considerable this literary traffic regarded by itself, it is relatively of small extent. And, in the second place, literary activity is by no means an invariable proof of that mental attitude which marks the truly civilized man.

Lay aside the 'literary organ', which appears once a week, and take up the newspaper, which comes forth every day, morning and evening. Here you get the true proportion of things. Read your daily news-sheet—that which costs threepence, or that which costs a halfpenny—and muse upon the impression it leaves. It may be that a few books are 'noticed'; granting that the 'notice' is in any way noticeable,

compare the space it occupies with that devoted to the material interests of life : you have a gauge of the real importance of intellectual endeavour to the people at large. No, the public which reads, in any sense of the word worth considering, is very, very small ; the public which would feel no lack if all book-printing ceased tomorrow, is enormous. These announcements of learned works which strike one as so encouraging, are addressed, as a matter of fact, to a few thousand persons, scattered all over the English-speaking world. Many of the most valuable books slowly achieve the sale of a few hundred copies. Gather from all the ends of the British Empire the men and women who purchase grave literature as a matter of course, who habitually seek it in public libraries, in short, who regard it as a necessity of life, and I am much mistaken if they could not comfortably assemble in the Albert Hall.

But even granting this, is it not an obvious fact that our age tends to the civilized habit of mind, as displayed in a love for intellectual things ? Was there ever a time which saw the literature of knowledge and of the emotions so widely distributed ? Does not the minority of the truly intelligent exercise a vast and profound influence ? Does it not in truth lead the way, however slowly and irregularly the multitude may follow ?

I should like to believe it. When gloomy evidence is thrust upon me, I often say to myself : Think of the

frequency of the reasonable man; think of him everywhere labouring to spread the light; how is it possible that such efforts should be overborne by forces of blind brutality, now that the human race has got so far? Yes, yes; but this mortal whom I caress as reasonable, as enlightened and enlightening, this author, investigator, lecturer, or studious gentleman, to whose coat-tails I cling, does he always represent justice and peace, sweetness of manners, purity of life—all the things which make for true civilization? Here is a fallacy of bookish thought. Experience offers proof on every hand that vigorous mental life may be but one side of a personality, of which the other is moral barbarism. A man may be a fine archæologist, and yet have no sympathy with human ideals. The historian, the biographer, even the poet, may be a money-market gambler, a social toady, a clamorous Chauvinist, or an unscrupulous wire-puller. As for 'leaders of science', what optimist will dare to proclaim them on the side of the gentle virtues? And if one must needs think in this way of those who stand forth, professed instructors and inspirers, what of those who merely listen? The reading-public—oh, the reading-public! Hardly will a prudent statistician venture to declare that one in every score of those who actually read sterling books do so with comprehension of their author. These dainty series of noble and delightful works, which have so seemingly wide an acceptance, think you they vouch for true appreciation in all who

buy them? Remember those who purchase to follow the fashion, to impose upon their neighbour, or even to flatter themselves; think of those who wish to make cheap presents, and those who are merely pleased by the outer aspect of the volume. Above all, bear in mind that busy throng whose zeal is according neither to knowledge nor to conviction, the host of the half-educated, characteristic and peril of our time. They, indeed, purchase and purchase largely. Heaven forbid that I should not recognize the few among them whose bent of brain and of conscience justifies their fervour; to such—the ten in ten thousand—be all aid and brotherly solace! But the glib many, the perky mispronouncers of titles and of authors' names, the twanging murderers of rhythm, the maulers of the uncut edge at sixpence extra, the ready-reckoners of bibliopolic discount—am I to see in these a witness of my hope for the century to come?

I am told that their semi-education will be integrated. We are in a transition stage, between the bad old time when only a few had academic privileges, and that happy future which will see all men liberally instructed. Unfortunately for this argument, education is a thing of which only the few are capable; teach as you will, only a small percentage will profit by your most zealous energy. On an ungenerous soil it is vain to look for rich crops. Your average mortal will be your average mortal still: and if he grows conscious of power, if he becomes vocal and self-assertive, if he gets into his

hands all the material resources of the country, why, you have a state of things such as at present looms menacingly before every Englishman blessed—or cursed—with an unpopular spirit.

XV. ABOUT LIVING AMONGST MEN

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

From Culture and Anarchy

HERE is a passage by an Inspector of Schools who, like Newman and Ruskin, was a great writer on social reform in the last century. It is taken from his greatest book, *Culture and Anarchy*, in which Arnold praises and blames different orders of society for their virtues and weaknesses. What does he want people to do? He wants us to develop our sense of society and realize we have responsibilities to all our kind. Especially he appeals to educated people to be reasonable, to use the 'sweetness and light' their education has brought them in order to find out the real value of things and to live resolutely by the standards these values set.

As I have said on a former occasion: 'It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture.' Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion. And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which

is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a *general* expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is obliged, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward; and here, once more, it lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that 'to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness'. Finally, perfection,—as culture, from a thorough disinterested study of human nature and human experience, learns to conceive it,—is a harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here it goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances,—it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and

useless thing which Mr Bright, and Mr Frederic Harrison, and many other liberals are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilization is, to a much greater degree than the civilization of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilization tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an *inward* condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilization in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of 'every man for himself'. The idea of perfection as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following.

XVI. ABOUT GENTLEMEN

By J. H. NEWMAN

From *The Idea of a University*

HERE is one of the noblest passages written in English in the nineteenth century. Newman was a religious teacher and possessed one of the finest brains in his century, but he did not find writing easy—'I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again.' This passage reflects an ideal we may take in writing. 'I think I have never written for writing's sake, but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult, *viz.* to explain clearly and exactly my meaning.' Look at the result in this passage; every phrase clear yet weighty with meaning; the whole offering us a code for the first duty of man, to live properly with his fellow-men.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and

fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned,

on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the

gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

XVII. ABOUT WHAT WE CAN DO FOR SOCIETY

By C. E. MONTAGUE

From *Disenchantment*

THIS passage is from a book called *Disenchantment* written after the Great War, and the title explains the writer's mood when he looked at his country after the fighting was over. It seemed to him that his country was almost torn to pieces, and in this passage he tells us how he thinks it may grow together again. It is a hard answer, but can you offer any other for the building of a nation? There is no glamour about it and no popular reward, but can any man serve his country better today than by following this man's teaching?

OF COURSE, life itself is all right. It never grows dull. All dullness is in the mind; it comes out thence and diffuses itself over everything round the dull person, and then he terms everything dull, and thinks himself the victim of the impact of dull things. In stupid rich people, in boys and girls deadeningly taught at dead-alive schools, in all disappointed weaklings and in declining nations, this loss of power to shed anything but dullness upon what it sees and hears is common enough. In healthy children, in men and women of high mental vitality, in places where any of the radio-

activity of gifted teaching breaks out for a while, and in swiftly and worthily rising nations the mind is easily delighted and absorbed by almost any atom of ordinary experience and its relation to the rest. The wonder and beauty and humour of life go on just the same as ever whether Spain or Holland or Italy feel them or miss them; youth would somewhere hear the chimes at midnight with the stir they made in Shakespeare's wits although all England were peopled for ages with dullards whose pastors and masters had trained them to find the divine Falstaffiad as dull as a thaw.

It need not come to that. Sick as we are, we have still in reserve the last resource of the sick, that saving miracle of recuperative force with which I have bored you. How, then, to do it? Not, I fancy, by any kind of pow-wow or palaver or congress, conference, general committee, sub-committee, or other expedient for talking in company instead of working alone. This is an individual's job, and a somewhat lonely one, though a nation has to be saved by it. To get down to work, whoever else idles; to tell no lies, whoever else may thrive on their use; to keep fit, and the beast in you down; to help any who need it; to take less from your world than you give it; to go without the old drams to your nerves—the hero stunt, the sob story, all the darling liqueurs of war emotionalism, war vanity, war spite, war rant and cant of every kind; and to do it all, not in a sentimental mood of self-pity like some actor mouthing to an empty theatre

and thinking what treasures the absent audience has lost, but like a man on a sheep-farm in the mountains, as much alone and at peace with his work of maintaining the world as God was when he made it.

You remember the little French towns which the pestle and mortar of war had so ground into dust, red and white, that each separate brick went back at last, dust to dust, to mix with the earth from which it had come. The very clay of them has to be put into the moulds and fired again. To some such remaking of bricks, some shaping and hardening anew of the most elementary, plainest units of rightness in action, we have to get back. Humdrum decencies, patiently practised through millions of undistinguished lives, were the myriad bricks out of which all the advanced architecture of conduct was built—the solemn temples of creeds, gorgeous palaces of romantic heroism, cloud-capped towers of patriotic exaltation. And now, just when there seems to be such a babble as never before about these grandiose structures, bricks have run short.

Something simple, minute, and obscure, wholly good and not puffed up at all, something almost atomic—a grain of wheat, a thread of wool, a crystal of clean salt, figures best the kind of human excellence of which our world has now most need. We would seem to have plunged on too fast and too far, like boys who have taken to spouting six-syllabled words until they forget what they have learnt of the alphabet.

The wise man saved his little city, 'yet no man

remembered that same poor man,' and no one had better take to this way of saving England if what he wants is public distinction. It will be a career as undistinguished as that of one of the extra corpuscles formed in the blood to enable a lowland man to live on Himalayan heights. Our best friends for a long time to come will not be any of the standing cynosures of reporters' eyes; they will find a part of their satisfaction in being nobodies; assured of the truth of the saying that there is no limit to what a man can do as long as he does not care a straw who gets the credit for it. Working apart from the whole overblown world of war valuations, the scramble for honours earned and unearned, the plotting and jostling for front places on the stage and larger letters on the bill, the whole life that is commonly held up to admiration as great and enviable, they will live in a kind of retreat almost cloistral; plenty of work for the faculties, plenty of rest for the nerves, control for desire and atrophy for conceit. Hard?—yes, but England is worth it. Among the mind's powers is one that comes of itself to many children and artists. It need not be lost, to the end of his days, by anyone who has ever had it. This is the power of taking delight in a thing, or rather, in anything, everything, not as a means to some other end, but just because it is what it is, as the lover dotes on whatever may be the traits of the beloved object. A child in the full health of his mind will put his hand flat on the summer turf, feel it, and give a little shiver

of private glee at the elastic firmness of the globe. He is not thinking how well it will do for some game or to feed sheep upon. That would be the way of the wooer whose mind runs on his mistress' money. The child's is sheer affection, the true ecstatic sense of the thing's inherent characteristics. No matter what the things may be, no matter what they are good or no good for, there they are, each with a thrilling unique look and feel of its own, like a face; the iron astringently cool under its paint, the painted wood familiarly warmer, the clod crumbling enchantingly down in the hands, with its little dry smell of the sun and the hot nettles; each common thing a personality marked by delicious differences.

This joy of an Adam new to the garden and just looking round is brought by the normal child to the things that he does as well as those that he sees. To be suffered to do some plain work with the real spade used by mankind can give him a mystical exaltation: to come home with his legs, as the French say, re-entering his body from the fatigue of helping the gardener to weed beds sends him to sleep in the glow of a beatitude that is an end in itself. Then the paradoxes of conduct begin to twinkle into sight; sugar is good, but there is a time to refrain from taking it though you can; a lie will easily get you out of a scrape, and yet, strangely and beautifully, rapture possesses you when you have taken the scrape and left out the lie. Divine unreason, as little scrutable and yet as

surely a friend as the star that hangs a lamp from the Pole to show you the way across the gorse-covered commons in Surrey. So he will toe the line of a duty, not with a mere release from dismay, but exultantly, with the fire and lifting of heart of the strong man and the bridegroom, feeling always the same secret and almost sensuous transport, while he suppresses a base impulse, that he felt when he pressed the warm turf with his hand or the crumbling clay trickled warm between his fingers.

The right education, if we could find it, would work up this creative faculty of delight into all its branching possibilities of knowledge, wisdom, and nobility. Of all three it is the beginning. condition, or raw material.

DESCRIPTIONS



XVIII. FATEHPUR SIKRI AND JAIPUR

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

From *Jesting Pilate*

It is a salutary desire to 'see ourselves as others see us', but unfortunately few tourists and travellers are worth paying attention to. Here is a charming exception and you may read here the reactions of a cultured European to some of the famous places of Northern India.

FATEHPUR SIKRI

AKBAR built the city as a small personal tribute to himself. The vanity of Indian potentates had a way of running to brand new cities. Witness Jai Singh's Jaipur, five miles from the existing and perfectly satisfactory town of Amber; Jodha's Jodhpur, an hour's walk from Mandor; the Udaipur of Udai Singh next door to Arh. An expensive form of royal vanity; but one for which the modern tourist should be grateful. There is nothing more picturesque than a deserted city, nothing more mournfully romantic. These deserted cities of Northern India are particularly romantic because, being relatively modern, they are all in an excellent state of preservation. For a building that is intact, but deserted, is much more romantic, more

picturesquely melancholy than a deserted ruin. One expects a ruin to be deserted; nobody, it is obvious, could possibly live in Pompeii, or among the roofless remains of an English abbey. But in a building that is intact one expects to find inhabitants. When such a building is deserted, we are mournfully surprised; and the contrast between its emptiness and intactness strikes us as being strange and suggestive.

Fatehpur is less than four hundred years old, and, so far as the principal buildings are concerned, it is in a state of perfect preservation. The red sandstone which Akbar used in the building of his city is a hard, weather-resisting rock. The sculpture, the mouldings are still clean-edged and sharp. There has been no blurring of outlines, no crumbling, no leprous decay. Akbar's red city stands today in the condition in which he left it—and stands empty, untenanted even by the monkeys which inhabit so many of India's deserted palaces and temples.

To those whom the dry and sterile elegance of Shah Jahan's Agra has left unsatisfied, the architecture of Fatehpur Sikri will seem refreshing. For the greatest of the alien Mohammedan emperors was a patron of the indigenous Hindu art of India, and the architecture of his capital is marked by something of the genuine Hindu vigour and wealth of imagination. The *diwan* or covered portion of the mosque is particularly fine. It is divided up into three square chambers, in line and communicating; and the characteristically Hindu

ceilings of these chambers are supported by a number of very tall Hindu columns. The building is superb in proportion and detail, and is certainly one of the finest pieces of interior architecture on a large scale to be seen in Upper India. And yet, such is the prestige of expensive material that poor uninteresting buildings, wholly lacking in grandeur or originality, like the Pearl Mosque at Agra, the pavilions by the lake at Ajmere, are much more widely celebrated. They are of marble; Fatehpur is only of sandstone.

It was late in the afternoon when we left the deserted city. The walls and domes glowed more rosily than ever in the light of the almost level sun. It had become a city of coral. There was a screaming in the air above us. Looking up we saw a flock of parrots flying across the pale sky. The shadow of the enormous Gate of Victory was upon them; but a moment later they emerged from it into the bright transfiguring sunlight. Over the courts of that deserted city of coral and ruddy gold a flight of emerald birds passed glittering and was gone.

JAIPUR

JAIPUR did not casually grow; it was made. Its streets are broad and straight, and intersect one another at right angles, like the streets of Turin or of some American city. The houses are all bright pink, and look like those charming and curiously improbable pieces of architecture in the backgrounds of Italian

primitives. It is an orthodox and pious town. The pavements are thronged with ruminating bulls and Brahmins and fakirs; the shops do a thriving trade in phallic symbols, of which the manufacture, in gilt and painted marble, seems to be one of the staple industries of the place. In the streets men ride on horses, on enormous camels; or are driven in ancient victorias, in still more extraordinary four-wheelers that look like sections cut out of third-class railway coaches, or, most often, in little carts with domed canopies and (if the occupants happen to be ladies) concealing curtains, drawn by smart pairs of trotting bullocks, whose horns are painted green. Only the women of the people are visible in the streets. They move with the princely grace of those who, with pots and baskets on their heads, have passed their lives in practising the deportment of queens. Their full skirts swing as they walk, and at every step the heavy brass bangles at their feet make a loud and, oh!—for this is India—a mournfully symbolical clanking as of fetters.

At Jaipur we were fortunate in having an introduction to one of the great *thakurs* of the State. He was a mighty landholder, the owner of twenty villages with populations ranging from five hundred to as many thousands, a feudal lord who paid for his fief (until, a year or two ago, a somewhat simpler and more modern system of tenure was introduced) by contributing to the State army one hundred and fifty armed and mounted

men. This nobleman was kind enough to place his elephant at our disposal.

It was a superb and particularly lofty specimen, with gold-mounted tusks; ate two hundredweight of food a day and must have cost at least six hundred a year to keep. An expensive pet. But for a man in the *thakur's* position, we gathered, indispensable, a necessity. Pachyderms in Rajputana are what glass coaches were in Europe a century and a half ago—essential luxuries.

The *thakur* was a charming and cultured man, hospitably kind as only Indians can be. But at the risk of seeming ungrateful, I must confess, that, of all the animals I have ever ridden, the elephant is the most uncomfortable mount. On the level, it is true, the motion is not too bad. One seems to be riding on a small chronic earthquake; that is all. The earthquake becomes more disquieting when the beast begins to climb. But when it goes downhill, it is like the end of the world. The animal descends very slowly and with an infinite caution, planting one huge foot deliberately before the other, and giving you time between each calculated step to anticipate the next convulsive spasm of movement—a spasm that seems to loosen from its place every organ in the rider's body, that twists the spine, that wrenches all the separate muscles of the loins and thorax. The hills round Jaipur are not very high. Fortunately; for by the end of the

three or four hundred feet of our climbing and descending, we had almost reached the limits of our endurance. I returned full of admiration for Hannibal. He crossed the Alps on an elephant.

XIX. THE FIGHT WITH THE FLAMING TINMAN

BY GEORGE BORROW

From *Lavengro*

BORROW was very much the same kind of man as Cobbett—a strong mind in a strong body. *Lavengro* is one of the famous English open-air books, written, Borrow tells us, for ‘the encouragement of charity and free and genial manners and the exposure of humbug’. ‘Amongst other things’ he says, and here is one other thing—a famous description of a fight. Do you know Hazlitt’s essay ‘The Fight’ and the fight in Conan Doyle’s *Rodney Stone*?

THE fellow stared at me with a look of stupid ferocity, and appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not: ere he could make up his mind, the tall girl stepped forward, crying, ‘He’s chaffing; let me at him’; and, before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which had nearly brought me to the ground.

‘Enough,’ said I, putting my hand to my cheek; ‘you have now performed your promise, and made me wipe my face; now be pacified, and tell me fairly the ground of this quarrel.’

‘Grounds!’ said the fellow; ‘didn’t you say I was

afraid; and if you hadn't, who gave you leave to camp on my ground?'

'Is it your ground?' said I.

'A pretty question,' said the fellow; 'as if all the world didn't know that. Do you know who I am?'

'I guess I do,' said I; 'unless I am much mistaken, you are he whom folks call the "Flaming Tinman"'. To tell you the truth, I'm glad we have met, for I wished to see you. These are your two wives, I suppose; I greet them. There's no harm done—there's room enough here for all of us—we shall soon be good friends, I dare say; and when we are a little better acquainted, I'll tell you my history.'

'Well, if that doesn't beat all,' said the fellow.

'I don't think he's chaffing now,' said the girl, whose anger seemed to have subsided on a sudden; 'the young man speaks civil enough.'

'Civil,' said the fellow, with an oath; 'but that's just like you; with you it is a blow, and all over. Civil! I suppose you would have him stay here, and get into all my secrets, and hear all I may have to say to my two morts.'

'Two morts,' said the girl, kindling up, 'where are they? Speak for one, and no more. I am no mort of yours, whatever someone else may be. I tell you one thing, Black John, or Anselo, for t'other an't your name, the same thing I told the young man here, be civil, or you will rue it.'

The fellow looked at the girl furiously, but his glance

soon quailed before hers; he withdrew his eyes, and cast them on my little horse, which was feeding among the trees. 'What's this?' said he, rushing forward and seizing the animal. 'Why, as I'm alive, this is the horse of that mumping villain Slingsby.'

'It's his no longer; I bought it and paid for it.'

'It's mine now,' said the fellow; 'I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat; ay, and beat the master too.'

'I am not Slingsby.'

'All's one for that.'

'You don't say you will beat me?'

'Afraid was the word.'

'I'm sick and feeble.'

'Hold up your fists.'

'Won't the horse satisfy you?'

'Horse nor bellows either.'

'No mercy, then.'

'Here's at you.'

'Mind your eyes, Jack. There, you've got it. I thought so,' shouted the girl, as the fellow staggered back from a sharp blow in the eye. 'I thought he was chaffing at you all along.'

'Never mind, Anselo. You know what to do—go in,' said the vulgar woman, who had hitherto not spoken a word, but who now came forward with all the look of a fury; 'go in apopli; you'll smash ten like he.'

The Flaming Tinman took her advice, and came in

bent on smashing, but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose.

‘You’ll never beat the Flaming Tinman in that way,’ said the girl, looking at me doubtfully.

And so I began to think myself, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman disengaged himself of his frock-coat, and, dashing off his red night-cap, came rushing in more desperately than ever. To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done; in a moment his arms were around me, and in another, he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me. The fellow’s strength appeared to be tremendous.

‘Pay him off now,’ said the vulgar woman. The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his knee on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief, which the fellow wore round his neck, with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

‘Do you call that fair play?’ said she.

‘Hands off, Belle,’ said the other woman; ‘do you call it fair play to interfere? hands off, or I’ll be down upon you myself.’

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled; suddenly relinquishing his hold

of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly:—

‘ Finish t’other business first, and then I’m your woman whenever you like; but finish it fairly—no foul play when I’m by—I’ll be the boy’s second, and Moll can pick you up when he happens to knock you down.’

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock-down blows myself. ‘ I can never stand this,’ said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, ‘ I am afraid I must give in; the Flaming Tinman hits very hard,’ and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

‘ Sure enough you’ll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it’s of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand; why don’t you use your right?’

‘ Because I’m not handy with it,’ said I; and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

‘ Now, will you use Long Melford?’ said Belle, picking me up.

‘ I don’t know what you mean by Long Melford,’ said I, gasping for breath.

‘ Why, this long right of yours,’ said Belle, feeling

my right arm—‘if you do, I shouldn’t wonder if you yet stand a chance.’

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. I, however, rose from my second’s knee as well as my weakness would permit me; on he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two; on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow, which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven; before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

‘Hurrah for Long Melford!’ I heard Belle exclaim; ‘there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over.’

At these words, I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless. ‘He is dead,’ said the vulgar woman, as she vainly endeavoured to raise him

up; 'he is dead; the best man in all the north country, killed in this fashion, by a boy.' Alarmed at these words, I made shift to get on my feet; and, with the assistance of the woman, placed my fallen adversary in a sitting posture. I put my hand to his heart, and felt a slight pulsation—'He's not dead,' said I, 'only stunned; if he were let blood, he would recover presently.' I produced a penknife which I had in my pocket, and, baring the arm of the Tinman, was about to make the necessary incision, when the woman gave me a violent blow, and, pushing me aside, exclaimed, 'I'll tear the eyes out of your head if you offer to touch him. Do you want to complete your work, and murder him outright, now he's asleep? you have had enough of his blood already.' 'You are mad,' said I, 'I only seek to do him service. Well, if you won't let him be blooded, fetch some water and fling it into his face, you know where the pit is.'

'A pretty manœuvre,' said the woman; 'leave my mard in the hands of you and that limmer, who has never been true to us; I should find him strangled, or his throat cut, when I came back.' 'Do you go,' said I to the tall girl, 'take the can and fetch some water from the pit.' 'You had better go yourself,' said the girl, wiping a tear as she looked on the yet senseless form of the tinker; 'you had better go yourself if you think water will do him good.' I had by this time somewhat recovered my exhausted powers, and, taking the can, I bent my steps as fast as I could

to the pit; arriving there, I lay down on the brink, took a long draught and then plunged my head into the water, after which I filled the can, and bent my way back to the dingle. Before I could reach the path which led down into its depths, I had to pass some way along its side; I had arrived at a part immediately over the scene of the last encounter, where the bank, overgrown with trees, sloped precipitously down. Here I heard a loud sound of voices in the dingle; I stopped, and laying hold of a tree, leaned over the bank and listened. The two women appeared to be in hot dispute in the dingle. 'It was all one to you, you limmer,' said the vulgar woman to the other; 'had you not interfered the old man would soon have settled the boy.'

'I'm for fair play and Long Melford,' said the other. 'If your old man, as you call him, could have settled the boy fairly, he might, for all I should have cared, but no foul work for me; and as for sticking the boy with our gulleys when he comes back, as you proposed, I am not so fond of your old man or you that I should oblige you in it to my soul's destruction.' 'Hold your tongue, or I'll——'; I listened no farther, but hastened as fast as I could to the dingle. My adversary had just begun to show signs of animation; the vulgar woman was still supporting him, and occasionally cast glances of anger at the tall girl who was walking slowly up and down. I lost no time in dashing the greater part of the water into the Tinman's

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face, whereupon he sneezed, moved his hands, and presently looked round him. At first his looks were dull and heavy and without any intelligence at all; he soon, however, began to recollect himself, and to be conscious of his situation; he cast a scowling glance at me, then one of the deepest malignity at the tall girl, who was still walking about without taking much notice of what was going forward. At last he looked at his right hand, which had evidently suffered from the blow against the tree, and a half-stifled curse escaped his lips. The vulgar woman now said something to him in a low tone, whereupon he looked at her for a moment, and then got upon his legs. Again the vulgar woman said something to him; her looks were furious, and she appeared to be urging him on to attempt something. I observed that she had a clasped knife in her hand. The fellow remained standing for some time as if hesitating what to do, at last he looked at his hand, and, shaking his head, said something to the woman which I did not understand. The tall girl, however, appeared to overhear him, and, probably repeating his words, said, 'No, it won't do; you are right there, and now hear what I have to say—let bygones be bygones, and let us all shake hands, and camp here, as the young man was saying just now.' The man looked at her, and then, without any reply, went to his horse, which was lying down among the trees, and kicking it up, led it to the cart, to which he forthwith began to harness it. The other cart and

horse had remained standing motionless, during the whole affair which I have been recounting, at the bottom of the pass. The woman now took the horse by the head, and, leading it with the cart into the open part of the dingle, turned both round and then led them back till the horse and cart had mounted a little way up the ascent; she then stood still and appeared to be expecting the man. During this proceeding Belle had stood looking on without saying anything; at last, perceiving that the man had harnessed his horse to the other cart, and that both he and the woman were about to take their departure, she said, 'You are not going, are you?' Receiving no answer, she continued: 'I tell you what, both of you, Black John, and you Moll, his mort, this is not treating me over civilly—however, I am ready to put up with it and go with you if you like, for I bear no malice. I'm sorry for what has happened, but you have only yourselves to thank for it. Now, shall I go with you, only tell me?' The man made no manner of reply, but flogged his horse. The woman, however, whose passions were probably under less control, replied with a screeching tone, 'Stay where you are, you jade, and may the curse of Judas cling to you—stay with the bit of a mullo whom you helped, and my only hope is that he may gulley you before he comes to be—— Have you with us, indeed! after what's past, no, nor nothing belonging to you. Fetch down your mailla go-cart and live here with

your chabo.' She then whipped on the horse and ascended the pass, followed by the man. The carts were light, and they were not long in ascending the winding path. I followed to see that they took their departure. Arriving at the top, I found, near the entrance, a small donkey-cart, which I concluded belonged to the girl. The tinker and his mort were already at some distance; I stood looking after them for a little time, then taking the donkey by the reins I led it with the cart to the bottom of the dingle. Arrived there, I found Belle seated on the stone by the fireplace. Her hair was all dishevelled, and she was in tears.

'They were bad people,' said she, 'and I did not like them, but they were my only acquaintance in the wide world.'

XX. WALKING TOURS

By R. L. STEVENSON

From *Virginibus Puerisque*

THESE last two extracts have been chosen for a special reason. They could only be written by natives about things native to their country. They are what we call literary essays in which the chief joy is the masterly use of language playing upon and enlivening the subject. In most hands the subject of walking would be as dull as walking is to us here. But both these writers have the gift of writing and the subject cannot become dull. Previously, the subject has been the chief thing; here, it is the mind of the writer reflected in his writing. Previously, we might aspire to imitate; here, we can be well content to enjoy.

Not that this subject is dull to Englishmen; far from it. For a long time walking has been a favourite exercise. Why, Dr Johnson went on a walking tour; so did Keats. Recently, it has become so popular among students that series of rest houses have been built on favourite routes where poor students may cook their food and spend the night.

In reading these essays do not forget the special reason for their inclusion. They are put in as literature, and the purpose of literature is to give pleasure. You may use them as a test—if you enjoy these essays you have conquered the English language and all the treasures of its literature are open before you.

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curaçoa in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown John. He will not believe that the flavour is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of

frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savourless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take colour from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. 'I cannot see the wit', says Hazlitt, 'of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country,'—which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long

as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveller feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, 'give three leaps and go on singing'. And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm-in-arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks

fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour, or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described

above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it :

'Give me the clear blue sky over my head,' says he, 'and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.'

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and foolish as our neighbours. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the

pace Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rhymes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveller moves from the one extreme towards the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful.

A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the house-top, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and



she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. 'Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure,' says Milton, 'he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness.' And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavour of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was

never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half-an-hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favour. ‘It was on the 10th of April, 1798,’ says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, ‘that I sat down to a volume of the new *Héloïse*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken.’ I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt’s essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine’s songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste Joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever

you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with any one, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humours develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been 'happy thinking'. It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that

one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate,—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humour of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco-pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious

pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the moon changes, the weathercock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, tomorrow's travel will carry you, body and mind. into some different parish of the infinite.

XXI. ON GOING A JOURNEY

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

From Table Talk

THE first good use you can put this essay to is to read it aloud. Prose is different from conversation, but no one's prose is so near good talk as William Hazlitt's. The first pages especially will help you to catch the very movement of English speech. The next use is to try to take in all he says; to stretch your mind to cope with Hazlitt's. Dr Johnson said an essay is 'a loose sally of the mind' and his definition fits this essay. Hazlitt had lived his life with friends like Coleridge and Lamb and with books. He had a full mind and in his essays he opens his mind to us.

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out-of-doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There

are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

a friend in my retreat,

Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where
Contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort

Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,

that I absent myself from the town for awhile, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling

cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like 'sunken wrack and sumless treasures', burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. 'Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!' I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me 'very stuff of the conscience'. Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. 'Out upon such half-faced fellowship,' say I. I like to be

either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr Cobbett's, that ' he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time '. So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. ' Let me have a companion of my way,' says Sterne, ' were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines.' It is beautifully said: but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briers and thorns of controversy. For once I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with anyone for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure.

If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud, which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and, on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must 'give it an understanding, but no tongue'. My old friend Coleridge, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic

poem or a Pindaric ode. 'He talked far above singing.' If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have someone with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out-of-doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to 'take one's ease at one's inn'! These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards.

What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate, and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*Procul, O procul, este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imagin-

ary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having someone with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world: but your 'unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine'. The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—'lord of one's-self, uncumber'd with a name'. Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour*! One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world: an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical pro-

blem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's (I think it was), where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention, luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, and which I had brought with me as a *bonne bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon

the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with 'green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks' below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time 'glittered green with sunny showers', and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high-road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the

world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the shortsightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. 'Beyond Hyde Park,' says Sir Fopling Flutter, 'all is a desert.' All that part

of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world, in our conceit of it, is not much bigger than a nut-shell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast;—the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China, to us? An inch of paste-board on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piece-meal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived, and with which we have intimate associations, everyone must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings,

persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten!—To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. ‘The mind is its own place’; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat*—showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn’d—
descanted on the learned air that breathes from
the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and
colleges—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures.—As

another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen : there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech ; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support.—Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears ; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over ' the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France ', erect and satisfied ; for the image of man was not cast down and

chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!—There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else: but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must ‘jump’ all our present comforts and connexions. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings:

Out of my country and myself I go.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them : but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling aboard, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home !—

INTRODUCTION TO THE NOTES

NOTE TO TEACHERS

This book has not been compiled to read straight through. It seemed advisable, using such a title, to arrange the passages according to the subject-matter. As a result, probably the most difficult passage comes third in the compilation. It would be unwise to lay down an order of difficulty, but it may be suggested that certain passages be studied at the end. These passages are by Ruskin, Jeans, Cole, Arnold, Montague, Stevenson and Hazlitt. There is no reason why the average student should not be able to read these passages properly at the end of his studies, and if he can he will leave his college a good reader. The passages mentioned represent the standard of reading we ought to expect at the end of an Intermediate course.

The notes have been prepared with the same object that inspired the choice of texts—to encourage thinking. There is a vicious tradition of annotating in India, that the work should be done by the annotator, and the student should be left with nothing to do. This is to make teaching impossible; it is to prohibit education.

There is a more vicious and more general tradition—that neither annotator nor student should do any thinking. The annotator writes down all proper names and difficult words in the text and then he looks up his reference books and translates what he finds into rather weaker English because the reference has already used the best. Difficult

phrases, still more, difficult ideas, are ignored. The annotator doesn't think; and only thought will beget thought.

The frequent selection of second-rate Victorian writers encouraged the student to use bazaar notes in a hopeless effort to understand his text. These compilations would stupefy any brain. Passing through the alembic of the bazaar brain a text becomes an almost inarticulate jangle of sound. It is seriously hoped that the texts offered here will discourage this vicious and degrading form of assistance, because texts full of 'literary references' (except in the case of the last two essays) have been avoided.

Notes are meant to make reading possible—and that may seem to beg the question. In practice every teacher knows what it means. The meaning of single words can be found in dictionaries, and proper names may be found in reference books. The student in our Colleges must be led to use reference books or he will never learn to read. The annotator will only note the peculiar use of a word, the particular point in the use of a proper name. Idioms should be explained, and sometimes whole sentences or the drift of an argument require explanation. Quotations will always be referenced. Wider reading can be encouraged. The teacher makes sure that the student has done his share, and then, all the details clear, helps him to grasp the text as a whole. The teacher brings all the spade-work together and brings the text to life. He is the magician. So the dead, valueless pages of a book become for the student a living, precious possession.

NOTES

I. ABOUT LANGUAGE FAMILIES

YOU will go to your library for maps and for pictures of race types to illustrate this extract. Your teacher will guide you to books by Pearsall Smith, Bradley and Jespersen on language study. The last two paragraphs give expression to the tolerance which is the noblest and most necessary feature of modern thought ; for the world must learn it as soon as possible.

PAGE 6. 2. *different race* : the Semitic ; the language is mentioned just later.

13. *see the connexion* : e.g. the word for 'mother' is very similar in most Aryan languages, as the writer shows later ; but the word for 'sea' is quite different. Therefore probably many branches of the race had lost connexion before they ever saw the sea.

II. ABOUT USING WORDS TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

PAGE 12. 1. *convince* : you convince a man by reasoning and persuade him by appealing to his feelings is what Cobbett seems to imply.

24. *the first words* : not always true. Many authors, like Stevenson, only get to easy expression after much rewriting. Simplicity in writing is usually the result of much effort.

PAGE 13. 5. *Thoughts come much faster* : again, the proper order of presenting thoughts usually requires labour. Thoughts best put into paragraph 1 often come to the mind when working at paragraph 3.

PAGE 14. 15-16. *thoughts instantly become words* : don't we always use words when we think?

27-28. *talking a great deal*: In English as in French the ideal is to use the fewest possible words to make your meaning perfectly clear. Torrents of words are despised. The man who is not clear is not considered wise, but a fool.

PAGE 15. 11-12. *Mr Murray*: Cobbett, the self-educated man, takes pleasure in finding a professor making mistakes.

PAGE 16. 11. *purse-proud*: proud merely because he is wealthy.

III. DEFINITIONS

PAGE 17. 11. *Wealth*: Ruskin refers to this paragraph in a letter to the editor of the *Monetary Gazette*: 'I have never been able to obtain this definition from economists; perhaps, under the pressure of facts, they may at last discover some meaning in mine at the tenth and eleventh pages of *Munera Pulveris*.' Just before this paragraph he says: 'Wealth consists of things in themselves valuable . . . it deals with the essential properties of things.' In *Unto This Last* he says: 'The true science of political economy . . . is that which teaches nations to desire and labour for the things that lead to life: and which teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction.' So he defines value thus:—'A truly valuable or availing thing is that which leads to life with its whole strength.'

PAGE 18. 22. *useful*: remember he regards flowers and pictures and all beautiful things as in their essence useful. A Chinese lyric is very useful, but not to us, because we have not 'the capacity to use it'.

PAGE 21. 17. *the value of instruments*: refer to the passage 'Machines and Men'.

21. *costly telescopes*: 'The telescope of 100-inch aperture at Mount Wilson, California, the largest at present in existence, admits . . . 250,000 times as much light as the unaided eye. A telescope of double this aperture [now being built for the same observatory] will admit four times as much light . . . or about a million times as much light as the unaided eye.'—*Jeans*.

PAGE 22. 6. *economy of luxury*: the true use of things not necessary for mere existence, which is partly a question of beauty and partly of morality.

13. *corresponding negative powers*: see the Gissing and Wells passages.

IV. ABOUT WRITING NOVELS

If the reader cares for a more exciting account of the novel-writer's art he will find it in Conrad's *Personal Record*, and Henry James' Prefaces. For example, James says:—'*Roderick Hudson* was my first attempt at a novel, a long fiction with a "complicated" subject, and I recall again the quite uplifted sense with which my idea, such as it was, permitted me at last to put quite out to sea. I had but hugged the shore on sundry previous small occasions; bumping about, to acquire skill, in the shallow waters and sandy coves of the "short story" and master as yet of no vessel constructed to carry a sail. The subject of *Roderick* figured to me vividly this employment of canvas, and I have not forgotten, even after long years, how the blue southern sea seemed to spread immediately before me and the breath of the spice-islands to be already in the breeze.'

PAGE 23. 15. *our mails*: especially to India.

PAGE 24. 3. *Bentley*: a publisher of the time. In 1837 Dickens edited for him *Bentley's Miscellany*.

10. *Chapman & Hall*: a famous London house of publishers, founded in 1830 and still flourishing.

10. *Piccadilly*: one of the most famous streets in London, now too gay for publishers.

15-16. *Hounslow Heath*: previously a wild deserted moor, and so a favourite place for thieves to attack travellers to London.

27. *February*: cold and stormy on the Mediterranean.

28-9. *Labor* . . . : (Latin) 'unremitting labour overcomes all difficulties.'

PAGE 25. 1. *physical strength*: many authors talk about how tiring writing is; e.g. Coleridge and Conrad.

15-16. *a diary, divided into weeks*: cf. the Journals of Arnold Bennett.

PAGE 26. 25. *Hercules*: Greek mythical strong man; therefore, one who works furiously but only occasionally. The tortoise won the race by plodding on while the hare talked about how easy it would be to beat the tortoise.

PAGE 27. 2. *troublesome and painful*: probably, but on the other hand Dr Johnson (for example) produced his work that way nearly always.

PAGE 28. 5. *Mens sana . . .*: (Latin) 'a sane mind [normally lives] in a healthy body.'

V. INVITATION TO THE WORD WAR

PAGE 30. 4. *air-minded*: interested in air travel, the latest craze when the author wrote. He wants to stimulate interest in something he considers of more enduring importance, the proper use of words.

PAGE 31. 25. *M. C. C.*: Marylebone Cricket Club, to which cricketing disputes are referred.

PAGE 32. 13. *to buckle on*: the phrase being 'to buckle on armour'; here it is playfully changed.

PAGE 33. 8. *soap-box*: 'soap-box oratory' is the phrase for street or maidan speakers, who commonly raise themselves above their audience by standing on an empty soap-box.

8-9. *back to the wall*: with no retreat, and very much on the defensive.

29. '*if and when*': a great favourite in India; as popular as 'each and every'. Avoid such babuisms.

PAGE 34. 9. *late Prime Minister*: Mr Ramsay Macdonald.

22. *League of Nations*: an international league with headquarters at Geneva for more wholesome international relationships, especially the avoidance of war and the suppressing of illegal trafficking. If the human race becomes less stupid, it will do good work.

PAGE 35. 3. *chuck*: a vulgar word for 'throw'.

28. *advertiser*: in India particularly of patent medicines and talking pictures.

PAGE 36. 12. *British*: to include Scots and Irish, who suggest 'English' is a misnomer for the language.

VI. ACME

THIS story is a skit on the poorer type of film in 1923. Here is an impression of the film industry in 1931: '... the film

industry today is a giant commercial organization involving something like five hundred million pounds of capital, of which four-fifths is invested in the United States of America ; an industry which has grown up over night and which stretches its cumbersome bulk into every corner of the earth ; an industry which attracts over two hundred and fifty million people every week within its doors ; an industry hopelessly entangled with mergers and amalgamations and a complicated network of financial interests ; an industry which, huge as it is in itself, is only one factor in that gigantic business of mechanical entertainment which combines the radio, the gramophone, the cinema and television.'—*Celluloid*, by Rotha.

PAGE 40. 3. *Adelphi* : a favourite corner of London for literary men.

9. *from reading reviews* : which the authors think unfair or inadequate, and so grow to despise altogether the papers in which the reviews appear.

22. 'learned' : taught. An improper but common use of the word, therefore in quotation marks. 'I'll learn you' is used in a threatening tone.

24-5. *had been . . . the devil* : had been particularly unfortunate.

PAGE 41. 14. *What a thing* : old-fashioned College slang for 'how strange'.

15-16. *skit . . . parody* : a skit is a trivial imitation, while a parody implies usually a close, burlesquing imitation of the author's form and manner.

20. *swim . . . heaves* : such words and phrases are the claptrap of cheap melodramatic writers, and the same falseness was frequent in the captions of the silent films of those days.

28. *corker* : old-fashioned slang for 'very good indeed'.

PAGE 42. 11. *I sat up* : the hearer is impressed. This sort of race was a great idea for a film! That the speaker is taken in by such nonsense is part of the fun of the story.

PAGE 43. 2. *scenario* : the 'book' for a film. Mr Wells' *The shape of Things to Come* shows that this may become an interesting literary form.

11. *carte blanche* : (French) 'a free hand'.

28. *Egyptians* : showing Bruce's real interests as a 'stranger in modern civilization'.

PAGE 44. 15-16. *I don't know what they want* : while actually in his skit he had written just what the vulgar were craving for.

23-24. *carte blanche*—*cartes serrées* : a play on two meanings of 'carte' in French ; in the first a plain card, in the second a playing card. The idioms may be translated : 'a free hand—with the cards packed in my favour'.

25-26. *rough-shaped* : put in rough form, from his experience of that kind of writing. 'Rough it out' means 'outline it'.

PAGE 45. 15-16. *to rise* : metaphor from fishing ; 'to the bait' understood. *Played them* is used of fishing too, letting out and drawing in the line as the fish struggles and grows tired.

PAGE 46. 8. *how the deuce* : (slang) deuce—devil.

PAGE 47. 10. *good books* : the usual colloquialism is 'to be in his good books', i.e. in favour.

18. *prickly* : touchy, sensitive.

19. *beating about the bushes* : the usual colloquialism is 'to beat about the bush', i.e. talk of other things and gradually lead to the subject. Use it negatively : 'Do not beat about the bush.'

PAGE 48. 21. *Tainted source* : from a vulgar or immoral source. The speaker answers what he imagines his friend must think. When he finds how wrong he is, he runs.

PAGE 49. 19. *followed by the cat* : even the animal felt an explosion coming. Whether it was of laughter or wrath, we are left to imagine.

VII. TRIBUTE

THE theme of this story may be illustrated by a remarkable paragraph from Ruskin's *Munera Pulveris* : ' . . . capitalists, when they do not know what to do with their money, persuade the peasants, in various countries, that the said peasants want guns to shoot each other with. The peasants accordingly borrow guns, out of the manufacture of which the capitalists get a percentage, and men of science much amusement and credit. Then the peasants shoot a certain number of each other, until

they get tired ; and burn each other's homes down in various places. Then they put the guns back into towers, arsenals, etc., in ornamental patterns ; (and the victorious party put some ragged flags in churches). And then the capitalists tax both, annually, ever afterwards, to pay interest on the loan of the guns and gunpowder.'

PAGE 51. 2. *cloth uppers* : believed to be a sign of respectability by careful, working-class people.

8-9. *the virtue of steadiness* : i.e., steadiness, silence and dignity are not virtues which help in love-making.

PAGE 52. 19. *every sacrifice* : during the Great War for the first time in history whole nations were at war, for every man, woman or child in the warring countries was directly or indirectly affected.

PAGE 53. 5. *tribute* : interest. Tribute sounds worse for it is the word used in the *Bible* for the taxes the Jews paid the Romans, so a sense of hatred has grown into the word.

11. *Tribunal* : a Committee to decide which men were indispensable at home and which must become soldiers.

PAGE 56. 1. *doff bobbins* : to remove the bobbins when full to make room for empty ones.

VIII. ABOUT THE STARS

THE editor is indebted to Professor J. A. Strang for the following note which explains the penultimate paragraph but is placed here for the general assistance of teachers.

All philosophy is based on experience. All our physical experience is relative to a framework of space and time, each of which considered by itself is a pure abstraction, i.e. a meta-physical concept.

Until recently space and time were regarded as quite independent of each other, i.e. they were *two* independent metaphysical concepts, *the same for all observers*.

But in the relativistic point of view they are not two. Space and time for any one observer are merely two aspects of *one* and *the same* 'space-time' framework into which all his experience is fitted ; and *every individual has his own* 'space-time' to which all his experience is referred. The theory of relativity is concerned with the *relations* between events as observed from the point of view of different space-time frameworks.

The theory was first put forward by Professor Einstein in 1909, when he indicated three crucial tests which might be utilized to decide between the theory of relativity on the one hand and the classical Newtonian theory of space and time on the other.

One of these tests is concerned with the fact that a ray of light, say from a star, deviates from a straight line when it passes close to a massive attracting body such as the sun. The effect of this deviation is to cause a very small but measurable change in the apparent position of the star. If during a total eclipse of the sun a photograph is taken of stars in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun, and this photograph is compared with one of the same part of the sky taken later when the sun is elsewhere, the displacement due to the sun's attraction can be measured on the photographic plate. Now Newton's theory and the Einstein theory both predict displacements, but not of the same amount, the Einstein displacement being considerably larger. The first total eclipse at which a test could be made was at Sobral, in 1919. It resulted in a verdict in favour of Einstein, and against Newton.

The verdict of this particular test has been questioned on various grounds, and though other total eclipses have been used to check the results as far as possible there is still some doubt; but most scientists today are satisfied.

In his last sentence Jeans refers to 'the even more recent evidence as to the possible expansion of space itself'.

This is one of the most controversial points of recent scientific speculation.

During the present century astronomers have discovered a vast number of stellar aggregates (or 'universes') almost all quite invisible to the naked eye, scattered over the whole sky, at enormous distances not only from the solar system but also from the Milky Way, which is the particular aggregate to which we belong.

In many cases the distances and also the relative motion of these aggregates have been determined, and it is found that with only five exceptions they appear to be moving away from our own universe with very high velocities which are proportional to their distances from us. In some cases the velocity is as much as 26,000 miles per second.

This scattering movement is spoken of somewhat loosely as 'the expansion of space itself', as if the universes were all fixed in a framework which is expanding everywhere according to the same law.

It is not certain however that the apparent velocities of the stellar aggregates cannot be otherwise explained. They may be fictitious, due for example to hitherto unknown and

unsuspected properties of the space-time framework to which all our measurements are, and must necessarily be, referred. This is what Jeans is stating.

PAGE 59. 20. *Galileo*: Jeans says earlier: 'On the evening of January 7, 1610, a fateful day for the human race, Galileo Galilei, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Padua, sat in front of a telescope he had made with his own hands.'

PAGE 60. 2. *Bede*: The Venerable Bede was a famous English monkish chronicler, and this simile of human life is the loveliest prose picture in Old English literature.

15-16. *only knowing*: from Victoria Sackville-West's *The Land*.

PAGE 61. 19. *Ptolemy*: the ancient Egyptian, said the earth was flat and the heavens with the stars inset moved over the earth as a useful addition.

PAGE 64. 3. *treated as distinct*: astronomy obviously depends on and assists mathematics and physics.

PAGE 65. 6. *eclipse of 1919*: see Professor Strang's note. Slosson's 'The Eclipse and Einstein' in *Chats on Science* will give you the history of the expedition.

23-4. *the long littleness of life*: from Cornford's epigram on Rupert Brooke at Cambridge:

A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.

IX. ABOUT SODA WATER; ABOUT KEEPING COOL

PAGE 67. 6. *baking-soda*: is sodium bicarbonate; any acid gives the sodium salt and carbonic acid, which latter is unstable, and in solution part of it splits up into water and carbon dioxide gas. Science students will recognize these equations:

$$\text{Na H.CO}_3 + \text{HCl} \rightarrow \text{Na Cl} + \text{H}_2\text{CO}_3 \text{ and } \text{H}_2\text{CO}_3 \rightarrow \text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{CO}_2.$$

PAGE 69. 15. *green leaves*: as we say, leaves breathe, and we are glad to see our trees grow new leaves for the hot weather, dustless and so easier to breathe with.

PAGE 70. 24. *are too weak individually*: but put the juice

of an orange into a glass and pour soda water over it. You will find a bubble attaching itself to any sufficiently light piece of solid orange and dragging it to the surface. Then the bubble evaporates and the solid sinks, to be seized on at once by another bubble, which seems to want solid companionship for its journey to the air.

PAGE 71. 9. *Unto him that hath . . .* : a saying of Christ. The whole paradox is : 'Unto every one that hath shall be given ; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away from him.'—*Luke*, 19. 26.

PAGE 74. 4. *calories of food* : a calorie is a measure of heat. One calorie represents the amount of heat required to raise one gramme of water one degree centigrade. The use of food by the body is exactly the same as the burning of fuel. Just as some of the heat produced by the fire in a steam engine can be converted into energy, so the body uses some of the heat from burning its foodstuffs as energy. Each form of food when burnt up in the body produces a definite number of calories ; e.g.

1 gramme protein	= 4.1 calories.
1 „ carbohydrate	= 4.1 „
1 „ fat	= 9 „

So the amount of food taken can be calculated in calories instead of in the more usual weights and measures.

X. ABOUT BIRDS

PAGE 76. 15. *inherited from the reptiles* : the reptiles were the first living creatures to learn to live on land.

PAGE 78. 11. *ptomaines* : substances, often poisonous, that form in dead flesh that is going bad.

PAGE 82. 2. *Lazarus* : was raised from the dead by Christ (according to the New Testament story) after lying in his grave for three days. 'Lazarus state' therefore means, 'partially mortified state'.

XI. ABOUT MACHINES AND MEN

On this subject compare :—'Man's life in the past has been hard and precarious because of the external forces arrayed

against him. In the sweat of his brow he has wrung a meagre living from nature. His communities have been assailed by pestilence, famine and disease. He has been at the mercy of powers which he could not control. Today, for the first time in history, thanks to science, these adverse factors have been vanquished. Peace and plenty, comfort and a competence, are available for all mankind if mankind could only learn the wit to distribute the abundance which science can so easily produce.
—*Liberty Today*, by C. E. M. Joad.

PAGE 87. 6. *joint stock system*: capital held by a number of people jointly: industry is largely financed in this way

13. *odyssey*: name of the epic of marvellous adventure written by Homer, the earliest great Greek poet; commonly used, as here, for any great and marvellous story.

PAGE 88. 8. *repetition workers*: who repeat one process in making anything and therefore acquire great skill in that one set of actions. The Ford car is made on this system.

PAGE 89. 20, 23. *mule spinners*: *ring spinners*: workers using different types of spinning jennies.

PAGE 93. 24-25. *law of diminishing returns*: a fundamental economic law which states that, after a certain point, further labour and capital applied to the cultivation of land, or organization of industry, will yield a loss than proportionate return.

XII. ABOUT THE WORLD AROUND US

PAGE 101. 12. *a New World*: use a good modern historical atlas when reading this passage.

XIII. ABOUT NEWSPAPERS

PAGE 105. 4. *apologists*: those who defend his influence on the quality of our newspapers.

11. *journalist's honour*: e.g. a journalist is not expected to use news or views heard in his Club. The ordinary journalist has to write what his employers require whatever his own views may be: he may be sent to write up unsavoury police court cases, or ferret out the secrets of a celebrity's

private life. It is commonly said that his soul is not his own. But there are many grades amongst journalists.

20. *ultra-scholastic* : outside his school.

23. *Agora* : the Agora in Athens and the Forum in Rome were squares in the centre of the cities, the recognized meeting-place for conversation and the exchange of news.

PAGE 106. 1. *Little Bethel* : the meeting-house of a very strict protestant religious sect.

29. '*great journalists*' : probably the last was C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*.

PAGE 107. 7-8. *elementary education* : was made compulsory in England in 1870. Ten years later, when the first products had grown up, the *Daily Mail* was born, the first cheap popular paper.

XIV. ABOUT READERS OF BOOKS

PAGE 111. 14. *thereafter judge* : if we were to judge of the state of England by looking at her literary journals, such as the *Times Literary Supplement*.

PAGE 112. 1. *ephemeral import* : of passing, temporary importance.

4. *classic authors* : e.g. Shakespeare, Scott.

22. *fabulists* : an unusual word for novelists. Five or six novels on an average are published daily in England. This paragraph remains true. Most people read novels ; many, travel books ; only a few, poetry. It is an age of prose in England.

PAGE 113. 22. '*literary organ*' : a special use of '*organ*' to mean '*journal*'.

28. '*noticed*' ; journalists' word for '*reviewed*'.

PAGE 114. 6. *feel no lack* : less true today ; reading has grown enormously. Unfortunately, it is used very much to eat up time rather than in search of light and truth.

17-18. *Albert Hall* ; large public hall in London, named after Queen Victoria's husband.

19. *But even granting this* : this paragraph presents the argument that though only a few read well, they affect the masses, are in truth the leaders of the community.

PAGE 115. 16-17. *money-market gambler*: one who writes entirely for the money he can make. His first thought therefore is to please his audience, and not to state what is true.

17. *toady*: one who fawns slavishly.

17. *Chauvinist*: a bellicose patriot. The word is made from the name of a Frenchman, Chauvin, one of Napoleon's veterans.

18-19. '*leaders of science*'; no one could fairly say this now about them.

26. *sterling books*: good, true books. When he wrote, cheap reprints of standard works were beginning to flood the book market, such as the Everyman Library and Nelson's Classics.

PAGE 116. 1. *Remember those who purchase*: the argument is that you cannot say that every copy bought is read at all, say nothing of read properly. How many book buyers stupidly imagine that by just buying a book they have acquired the knowledge in it!

2. *impose upon*: to cheat their neighbour into thinking they like such difficult books.

13. *the glib many*: here the scholar speaks.

15. *twanging*: jangling; sounds which make one shudder.

15. *rhythm*: the pleasant movement of sound in prose and verse.

15-16. *uncut edge*: i.e. of book printed on superior paper with the edges left uncut for the buyer's paper knife. A dead fashion.

17. *bibliopolic discount*: nowadays books are sold net in England, i.e. without discount. Before the war it was different, and regular bookbuyers naturally could work out the discount readily. '*Bibliopolic*' is from two Greek words, meaning 'the world of books'.

19. *integrated*: will their bad reading be turned to good and will they therefore become educated? Literally means 'to become one'; i.e. education gives one a coherent outlook on life. The writer probably also refers to the community as a whole, when everyone will be truly educated.

PAGE 117. 4. *unpopular*: who does not like the populace. Shaw and Wells reflect such a spirit.

XV. ABOUT LIVING AMONGST MEN

PAGE 119. 14. *Bishop Wilson*: the quotation is from the *Maxims of Piety and Christianity*, a forgotten book.

19. *expansion of all the powers*: this is a Greek ideal, opposing asceticism.

PAGE 120. 1-2. *Mr Bright and Mr Frederic Harrison*: parts of the book resound with these names, Arnold attacking these publicists with unflagging zest. For example: 'Mr Frederic Harrison developed in the systematic and stringent manner of his school, the thesis which Mr Bright had propounded in only general terms. "Perhaps the very silliest cant of the day," said Mr Frederic Harrison, "is the cant about culture."' Arnold was himself a Liberal, 'yet I am a Liberal tempered by experience, reflexion, and renouncement, and I am, above all, a believer in culture.'

23. '*every man for himself*': Elsewhere in the book he says: 'The barbarians brought with them that staunch individualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have, at any rate, a very rich supply.' 'Barbarians' was Arnold's word for the nobility.

XVI. ABOUT GENTLEMEN

COMPARE this passage with Swift on 'Good Manners', which will be found in the *Literary Essays* volume of the Bohn edition. The tract is short and the English unsurpassed.

PAGE 121. 17. *removing the obstacles*: he puts people at their ease.

21. *comforts or conveniences*: i.e. he adds to social convenience.

PAGE 122. 8. *on all his company*: he considers the nature of each person present.

12-13. *prominent in conversation*: a gentleman effaces himself, e.g. in dress, and in manner.

14-15. *seems to be receiving*: when he does a favour he makes it seem a kindness to accept what he offers.

17. *mere retort*: which is noisy and rude by its very nature.

18. *imputing motives*: i.e. imputing (bad) motives.

21-2. *personalities or sharp sayings*: are like the 'mere retort' above.

22. *insinuates evil*: if he knows of evil he will speak out or not at all; this shows a gentleman is not weak; righteous anger can be expressed.

25. *our enemy*: do not interpret this as mean expediency. It means 'in the hope that our enmity will cease, and to do nothing that will delay that'.

PAGE 123. 1. *on philosophical principles*: as expressed afterwards in the 'because' clauses.

5. *blundering discourtesy*: it is discourteous, it is uncivilized to 'tear and hack', 'mistake the point', 'waste their strength', and 'misconceive'.

12. *clear-headed*: being so, he is 'simple', 'brief' and sane—civilized discussion is possible.

XVII. ABOUT WHAT WE CAN DO FOR SOCIETY

THE teacher will find it interesting to compare the views in Montague's *Disenchantment* with the expression of them in his novel *Rough Justice*. His unflinching hope which saved his disenchantment from being despair can be read in a sentence from the novel: 'So he had come to see civilization, the real thing, face to face—not the dead word we use lifelessly, but the living magnificent figure everlastingly fighting its way through wastes of sand and thorns, with eyes that appealed for help to all the brave and clean-hearted.'

PAGES 125-6. 21-1. *radio-activity*: from radium, a metal whose force penetrates almost any substance: so the word means having the power of sending out unseen rays that strongly affect every substance touched. Gifted teaching spreads light and the sweetness of reason in this way.

PAGE 126. 6. *Spain or Holland*: probably chosen as rather dead countries. Italy has become another question since Montague wrote.

7-8. *chimes at midnight*: more than any writer of his generation Montague quoted Shakespeare. 'We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow' is a famous saying of Falstaff.

11. *Falstaffiad*: a word Montague invents for the Shakespeare plays with Falstaff in them. He finds them rich with life and suggests that preachers and teachers have often taught readers to find them dull.

11. *dull as a thaw*: snow is beautiful, but when it thaws (melts) it is dirty and unpleasant.

14. *recuperative force*: just before our passage begins, he has been talking about the great power of recovery that human beings and nations possess.

16. *congress, conference*: cf. Newman: 'That a thing is true, is no reason that it should be said, but that it should be done; that it should be acted upon; that it should be made our own inwardly. Let us avoid talking, of whatever kind.'

22. *the beast*: to repress the animal side of our natures.

25. *drams*: stimulants, like liqueurs just later, metaphorical language from the drinking of intoxicants.

25. *stunt, sob*: words he dislikes and uses to show his dislike; the vocabulary of the weak emotionalism of the cinema.

PAGE 127. 5. *French towns*: some little towns in northern France were blown to dust during the War.

17. *gorgeous palaces*: cf. Prospero's speech in *The Tempest*, IV. i. 152. There was a great deal of confident talk about an England made more wonderful by war; the truth was different.

22. *atomic*: notice how the ideas of modern science (as, radio-activity) are being used now as metaphors.

29. *The wise man*: cf. Plato: 'There is but a very small remnant of honest followers of wisdom.'

PAGE 128. 4. *corpuscles*: the red corpuscles of the blood carry oxygen, which they absorb from the air for the use of the body. In high places the tension of the oxygen in the air is very low and the corpuscles absorb less, so extra corpuscles are made so that the total oxygen carried is the same.

7. *cynosures* : i.e. newspaper reporters will not run after them to report their doings. In the jargon of journalism they will have 'no news value'. Cf. Milton:

'Where perhaps some beauty lies

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.' ('L'Allegro.')

13. *honours earned* : Montague has a most amusing story in *Fiery Particles* called 'Honours Easy' about unearned war honours.

29. *summer turf* : we do not know here the joy of grass like this, springing with life and beauty.

PAGE 129. 20. *to come home with his legs* : to feel that he has legs because he has pleasurably tired them with walking.

26. *scrape* : schoolboy slang for a bit of trouble.

PAGE 130. 2. *the Pôle [star]* : which guides all wanderers as it always roughly indicates the north.

12. *creative faculty of delight* : so the reward is happiness ; it reminds us of the most famous paradox of Christ, 'he that loseth his life shall save it'.

XVIII. FATEHPUR SIKRI AND JAIPUR

PAGE 134. 3. *Pompeii* : Roman city near the modern Naples, buried by an eruption from Vesuvius in A.D. 79. A vulgar seaside resort.

20. *dry and sterile elegance* : the writer previously says of the Taj : 'its elegance is at the best of a very dry and negative kind.'

PAGES 135-6. 27-1. *Italian primitives* : the early religious and very wonderful schools of painting in Italy which flourished c. 1200-1400, before the Renaissance ; so called because the art of painting was not supposed to have developed by then.

PAGE 136. 7. *victoria* : cab, stylish horse-drawn vehicle.

14-15. *princely grace* : the graceful walking of Indian women is always admired by Westerners.

25. *fief* : his land-holding.

PAGE 138. 4. *Hannibal* : did two unbelievable things, defeated the Romans (for a time) and crossed the Alps, using elephants. The reference is of course humorous in intention.

XIX. THE FIGHT WITH THE FLAMING TINMAN

PAGE 140. 7. *Flaming Tinman*: a wandering gypsy tinman, famous as a fighter, as the sequel shows.

22. *mort*: gypsy language for 'wives'. Borrow was a great linguist and was especially proud of knowing gypsy language, as very few people manage to get to know gypsies well enough to learn their language. You will find in it interesting relationships with Hindustani.

PAGE 141. 5. *mumping*; a vulgarism; 'always talking in a grumbling fashion'.

27. *apopli*: 'again'.

PAGE 143. 17. *flipping*; striking lightly with the open hand.

PAGE 145. 1. *north country*: the north of England.

PAGE 146. 20. *gulleys*: knives.

29. *mailla*: donkey.

PAGE 149. 1. *chabo*: lad.

XX. WALKING TOURS

PAGE 151. 5. *canting dillettantes*: to cant is to use popular catchwords or ideas without finding out what they mean; a dillettante is a dabbler in any art; so the phrase is a strong way of saying 'stupid trifler'. Ruskin wrote about the spoiling of scenery by railways.

7. *of the brotherhood*: the sharers of a mystery; here, the joys of walking.

9. *humours*: emotions, sensations; a word with a fine history.

20. *they do not play off*: they are extremists, they are incapable of mixing pleasures.

24. *curaçoa*: like all liqueurs should be drunk sip by sip and savoured on the tongue; a *brown John* is a large vessel, used for beer, which is drunk lavishly.

PAGE 152. 5. *nightcap*: anything drunk at bedtime to still the brain and assist sleeping.

16. *freedom* . . . : read it 'freedom is of the essence of it'.

PAGE 153. 10. *Christian*: the hero of *Pilgrim's Progress* who

at the beginning of his journey had a heavy pack on his back, symbolizing his sins, which later he was able to throw off.

20. *Abudah* : a merchant, in a story by Ridley, who was haunted by an old hag till he mended his evil ways.

PAGE 154. 2. *at his loom* : his brain is working to find words for what he sees.

19. *clown* : simple countryman, as in Shakespeare.

19. *sedentary* : sitting ; who cannot imagine walking for pleasure ; the tramp having a purpose, to beg or steal.

PAGE 155. 23. *epicure* : here means he is fastidious about his road.

PAGE 156. 15-16. *the great barons* : a metaphor from the feudal system. 'The king owned all the land and gave it out to barons to look after in return for military service. The trumpet 'rallied' men to the 'standard', the flag which marked the king's presence. The idea is that exercise stills all kinds of thought.

PAGE 157. 1. *articles* : referring back to the man who puts what he sees into words.

7. *bivouacs* : cf. a night bivouac in the famous chapter 'A Night among the Pines' in Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*.

18. *millenium* : the coming golden age. Here and in the next sentence Stevenson plays with the idea of escaping from time. In England, where punctuality is a necessary virtue in a vivid and complicated society, time becomes a tyrant, a 'misery' as he says later.

28. *fête* : the use of the French word for festival shows he is thinking of a French village.

PAGE 158. 15. *Milton* : the quotation is from his tract *Areopagitica* (1644).

29. *grog* : spirits and water, usually hot.

PAGE 159. 8. *nicest coincidence* : his ideas are pleasant because they are exactly one's own. This is the correct sense of 'nice'.

20. *Tristram Shandy* : almost more than the other books mentioned is to be read 'by fits and starts' and lingered over.

Héloïse is a novel by Rousseau, full of a renewed joy in life as are Heine's songs.

27. *audacious*: because it comes from 'Jove', the name of the Father of the gods.

PAGE 160. 5. *curiosity*: in the fine sense of inquiring, not the mean one of prying.

7. *provincial*: of the provinces, i.e. country; the phrase therefore meaning 'country manners'.

18. *Burns*: I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinkin'.

29. *derisive silence*: cf. Wordsworth, 'Intimations of Immortality':

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence.

PAGE 161. 16. *social heresy*: revolt against what society accepts as true.

21. *Philistines*: Arnold's name for the middle classes, whose one idea was to 'gather gear'.

28. *reeking*: Scots for 'smoking'.

PAGE 162. 1. *seventh circle*: there were seven circles mounting upwards in an old Christian idea of heaven; so the phrase means, 'in the highest degree contented'.

XXI. ON GOING A JOURNEY

PAGE 163. 15. *never less alone*: a Latin saying which appears frequently in translation thus in English; e.g. Swift, 'A wise man is never less alone than when alone.'

17. *The fields his study* . . . : from 'The Farmer's Boy' by the poetaster Bloomfield:

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, Nature was his book.

18. *the wit*: as we should say now, 'the sense', or 'the point'.

PAGE 164. 6. 'a friend in my retreat': Cowper, *Retirement*:

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude.

But grant me still a friend in my retreat . . .

15. *May plume her feathers* : Milton, 'Comus', 378-80.

20. *tilbury* : a kind of gig for two, named after the maker.

23. *impertinence* : used in the proper sense, meaning 'not pertinent', i.e. 'not to the point'.

PAGE 165. 4. *sunken wrack* . . . : *Henry V*, I. ii. 165.

12. *Leave, oh leave* . . . : Gray, 'Descent of Odin';
Unwilling I my lips uncloze

Leave me, leave me to repose.

Never trust a quotation from Hazlitt; he very often forgets and as often purposely changes his original.

14-15. *very stuff* . . . : *Othello*, I. ii. 2.

17. *emerald* : the green grass.

28-29. *Out upon* . . . : *I Henry IV*, I. iii. 203.

PAGE 166. 4. *Mr Cobbett* : a sample of whose writing we have in this book.

9. *Sterne* : author of *A Sentimental Journey* and *Tristram Shandy*, which we saw was a favourite of Stevenson's also.

PAGE 167. 25. *give it an understanding* . . . : *Hamlet*, I. ii. 250.

26. *Coleridge* : see Hazlitt's essay, 'My First Acquaintance with Poets'.

PAGE 168. 1-2. *far above singing* : Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, V. v.

6. *All-Foxden* : where the Wordsworths stayed and where Coleridge frequently visited them, as his home was only three miles distant. Both Hazlitt and Lamb visited them there.

8. *Lamb* : Hazlitt's essay 'Of Persons one would wish to have seen' has a brilliant reconstruction of Lamb's conversation.

23. *take one's ease* . . . : *I Henry IV*, III. iii. 92.

PAGE 169. 3. *the cups that cheer* . . . : a well-worn quotation, from Cowper's 'The Task', Book 4.

6. *rasher* : slice of ham or bacon, an English favourite, for pigs there are not scavengers.

7. *Sancho*: Sancho Panza, the famous attendant of Don Quixote.

10. *Shandean*: a reference to *Tristram Shandy*, but the sense in which Hazlitt uses the word is not clear. He may mean 'cheerful contentment' which is the atmosphere of the book, or he may refer to the wandering, flitting, inconsecutive way in which the book is written.

12. *Procul, O procul* . . . : (Latin) 'Far, far from us be all scoffers!' A formula used by Roman priests.

20. *West Riding*: part of Yorkshire.

22. *breaks no squares*: is not quarrelsome.

27. *abstraction*: i.e. abstracted, removed from his ordinary life.

PAGE 170. 6. *unhoused condition*: *Othello*, I. ii. 26.

7. *incognito*: literally 'unknown'; a prince will conceal his identity and travel about as if he were a private person; he is then said to travel 'incognito'.

8. *lord of one's-self*: from Dryden's 'Epistle to my Honour'd Kinsman, John Driden'.

15. *the score*: the bill; as used below (scores) it implies injuries, and is used in the phrase 'paying off old scores'.

PAGE 171. 1. *Witham-common*: is in Somerset; for the metaphysical problem, see 'My First Acquaintance with Poets'.

5. *the Cartoons*: of Raphael, 'cartoons' being sketches (usually in chalk) for a painting. Gribelin was a French engraver, and the set of prints was published in 1707 while the engraver was living in England.

8. *Westall*: forgotten English painter; Hazlitt once studied to be a painter, and was always a critic of painting.

14-15. *Paul and Virginia*: the title of a very popular French novel by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.

17-18. *Madame D'Arblay*: better known as Miss Burney, the authoress of the novel *Evelina*. *Camilla*, written twenty years later, was much less successful.

19. *New Eloise*: the romance by Rousseau. Reading it was such an important event in Hazlitt's life that he gives us the exact date and circumstances. The passage referred to is a description of mountain scenery.

24. *bonne bouche* : (French) a tasty mouthful.

PAGE 172. 10-11. *Mr Coleridge's poems* : 'Ode on the Departing Year', from which the previous quotations come.

15-16. *have since faded* : cf. Wordsworth. 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality'. All these English writers saw a new world dawning as they watched the early days of the French Revolution. Wordsworth wrote:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,

But to be young was very heaven.

They were sadly disillusioned when the days of tyranny which follow such revolutions came along. This passage is very emotional reminiscence and becomes so poetic at the end that Hazlitt uses 'thee' and 'thou', old forms you should avoid.

PAGE 173. 3. *O sylvan Dee* : reminds us of Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey'. 56-7.

18-19. *The landscape bares* : reminds us of Wordsworth's sonnet 'The World is too much with us'.

28. *Beyond Hyde Park* : not spoken by Sir Fopling himself in Etheridge's play *The Man of Mode*.

PAGE 174. 8. *a calculation* : e.g. China is so many miles away, so many square miles in area and the population is so much.

PAGE 175. 11. *Stonehenge* : the most famous of the new remains of the pre-Christian religion of the Britons, standing on Salisbury Plain.

16. *The mind is . . .* : *Paradise Lost*, I. 254.

19. *I once took a party* : Charles and Mary Lamb. See the second essay on 'The Conversation of Authors'.

22. *glistening spires . . .* : *Paradise Lost*, II. 530.

26. *Cicerone* : guide, here probably 'footman'.

PAGE 177. 5. *Bourbons* : when Hazlitt wrote this in 1822, the Bourbons were again ruling and Napoleon was in exile.

17. *Our romantic* : for 'our' read 'the' to make the sentence plain.

18. *Dr. Johnson* : see Boswell's *Life* : 'How little does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled.'